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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL AT MARSHFIELD—THE STATESMAN AS A FARMER, IN HIS INTERVALS OF REST FROM PUBLIC EMPLOYMENTS.—SEE PAGE 118.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
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PERSONAL IDENTITY—THE  
ST. LOUIS CASE.

THERE is always a certain fascination in controversies which relate to the identity of a particular human being. When an individual has vanished for years from the crowd of human life and is supposed to have returned to dust, and at last some one appears and claims to be the actual person in living form, entitled to his rights and bound by his social ties, and finds his claim sharply disputed and subjected to legal tests, he at once becomes an object of popular interest. Whether Arthur Orton was really Sir Roger Tichborne was a question which agitated not only Westminster Hall, but every fireside where the English language is spoken. Don Sebastian, of Portugal, who was slain in 1578 in a battle with the Moors, was so persistently personated by successive impostors that the popular belief in his reappearance lasted even into the present century. The English Parliament in 1874 found it necessary to enact a law punishing by penal servitude for life the offense of claiming property by personating a dead man.

The modern system of life insurance has been prolific in frauds of this character, and the reports of insurance litigation would furnish a curious volume on the subject. Generally in these cases the effort is to prove a living man to be dead. But lately the City of St. Louis has been agitated by a remarkable trial, involving an attempt to show that a dead man is alive, to defeat a claim upon a policy. The controversy was between the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, and Wacharga Wackerle, who sued on a policy issued to her husband, William Wackerle, to whom she was married in 1858 in Minnesota. He enlisted in 1862, and was discharged in 1865. He lived with her in various places till 1872, when he went to Marshall, Texas. In December of that year a man was killed on the railroad, on whose person were some papers indicating that he was William Wackerle, but the coroner's jury declared him to be unknown. Mrs. Wackerle did not hear of it till January, 1873, and meantime paid premiums on two policies taken out in Wisconsin before 1868. She devoted herself to obtaining proofs of the identity of the dead man in Texas with her lost husband, and succeeded in recovering a judgment against one of the companies in Louisiana. On an appeal the company produced a man from California who claimed to be the veritable William Wackerle, and established his identity to the satisfaction of the court. She lost her case at last, but rejected the proffered husband and denounced him as a fraud. On the strength of his proofs he applied for a pension and got it, drawing his arrears for sixteen years. His feelings concerning the wife were probably those expressed by Tom Hood about a fellow-author: "Would I'd his pen! I'd rather have his pension."

But the widow was not discouraged, and brought this new suit in the United States Court in Missouri. She has traversed the country for years in search of help to establish her rights. Though possessing only the clothes she wore and the precious papers on which she bases her claim, she has found means to engage in a fight with the great institution which attracts the curiosity of the country. But here again she is confronted with the alleged living husband, whom she indignantly repudiates as a stranger. He is called to the stand, and asserts that he is her husband, and under the fire of cross-examination he goes through the ordeal of Arthur Orton in the Tichborne case. He seems to labor under all the difficulties of the famous claimant. He cannot remember the sex or the birthdays of his children, and showed remarkable ignorance of facts which William Wackerle ought to know after the lapse of only ten years. Pictures of the actual husband and the living witness were compared without convincing the jury. They found a verdict for the woman, and thus by one court she is decided to be a married woman with a living husband, and by the other a widow. William Wackerle is judicially determined to be both alive and dead.

This case recalls the remarkable conspiracy to personate the widow of Joseph L. Lewis, who never had a wife. He left a million of dollars to the Government, and before he was buried some sharp swindlers formed a plan to create a widow who should claim the tempting fortune thus squandered on the whole country. They found one admirably suited to their purpose—a woman of forty, good-looking, refined in manner and speech, apt to learn her part, and bold to persevere in it. She appeared in modest widow's weeds, swore to her marriage twenty years before;

produced her marriage-certificate and a witness of the ceremony; offered a crowd of witnesses to frequent intercourse; brought forward a lawyer to swear to proceedings for divorce, and for more than two years imposed upon counsel and the public, and really seemed likely to establish her identity as the widow of an old bachelor. But at last the plot was thoroughly exploded. She and her fellow-conspirators were arrested. Her courage then failed, and she exposed her confederates to save herself. She confessed the whole story in court, and having seen all her friends in crime safely imprisoned, was discharged to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." She had frequently personated the erring and repentant wife, and some of her former indignant husbands, who had levied blackmail on her unfortunate admirers, figured in the Lewis will case. Her natural force was not abated, and she may yet be heard of in new enterprises. She was supported throughout the trial by those who hoped to profit by her fraud, and she succeeded in delaying the fulfillment of the Lewis trust for five years. Only within the last month has the estate, to the amount of about one million dollars, been paid into the Treasury of the United States.

MR. FOLGER'S ACCEPTANCE.

SECRETARY FOLGER has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of New York in a letter in which he explains at great length the reasons which led him to this conclusion, and states his views as to questions of public concern. He argues that if his nomination was accomplished, as is alleged, by vicious or irregular practices, he "had no part or lot therein, or previous hint or suspicion thereof"; that, so far as appears upon the face of the record, his nomination was the outcome of "the conscientious and dutiful convictions and actions" of a majority of the members of the Saratoga Convention; that, were he to decline, the party would be left on the very eve of a highly important election without a candidate for the chief office in the State, since no "man of sufficient State repute, to be an acceptable and strong candidate, and of the sensibilities that go with self-respect, would be willing, in such circumstances, to accept a late-made nomination and take the hazard of the canvass"; and that, declining to take the responsibility of the complete disintegration of his party and the triumph of the Democracy, the only course he can honorably pursue is to accept the nomination tendered him, which he formally does, with the statement that he will await the result of the canvass without perturbation. Mr. Folger is careful to say that he does not share the gloomy anticipations of some of his party friends, and equally careful to add that it would be his aim, if elected, "to be the representative of the whole party, subservient only to my (his) duty to be the chief magistrate of the whole people, unmoved by the appeals of faction, unworried by the appliances of private interests, acknowledging no claim of mere partisanship, looking supremely for the good of the Commonwealth."

There is probably no intelligent citizen of the State who doubts for a moment that Judge Folger would, as its executive, strive to do all that he here promises. His life and record afford conclusive proof of his integrity of character and purpose. But the difficulty of his position is not in himself. The discontent which so widely pervades the Republican ranks has its source and spring altogether outside of the candidate, in the fact that the Republicans of the State were not permitted by an untrammelled choice, "by a free exercise of delegated power honestly and fairly expressed," to select their own candidate for Governor, but compelled to accept a nominee dictated by the Administration machine in the face of the declared sentiment of the party. If the frustration of the will of the party by means of fraud and force had occurred only in the present instance, the discontent thereby occasioned might, perhaps, have been appeased; but this particular nomination was the peculiarly aggravating culmination of a long series of "machine" outrages upon the masses of the party, and hence Judge Folger, pure and honest as he is, is confronted by an ineradicable conviction in the minds of thousands of Republicans that it is vastly more important that the right of the party to make its own nomination should be vindicated and the "boss" system overthrown, than that the political views he so clearly states should be, for the time being, maintained. Principles survive the shocks of party disasters; but a party which surrenders itself to the control of its worst elements, and tamely acquiesces in the application of methods and processes utterly subversive of individual rights and the authority of the majority, must inevitably drift to hopeless ruin; and in a partisan sense he is, therefore, the more loyal as he certainly is the wiser Republican who, believing that there are still possibilities of good in the party, once purified and disenthralled, in this contest

seeks its liberation from untoward influences as a means to larger and grander usefulness in the future.

THE SCARCITY OF MONEY.

THE dreaded stringency of money predicted by some financiers several months ago has become a positive reality, and, it is needless to say, is a matter of serious import to the entire business community. As high as fifty-one per cent. per annum has been paid recently, and though latterly the rates have declined, the pressure is still severe. The reserves of the local banks were last week two millions less than the prescribed twenty-five per cent., though that is not of so much consequence as the decline in the deposits of nearly twenty millions compared with those of this time last year, and a decrease of eleven millions in the loans compared with the same date.

The causes of this stringency are not difficult to indicate. The large drain of currency to the West to assist in moving the crops has contributed largely to the present state of affairs, especially as not nearly so much of it now returns as formerly. Money is wanted at the West, and is being used freely in developing its immense resources. A large amount, too, was sent South to move the cotton crop and the various industries of that section are permanently absorbing considerable capital formerly employed at the North. The present surplus in the Treasury at Washington is very nearly \$250,000,000; and while the more conservative financiers do not favor the idea of the Government's disbursing its spare funds when the benefit might inure mainly to speculators—and while it is maintained that, as a rule, the Treasury should rigidly hold aloof from the affairs of Wall Street—it is, nevertheless, suggested that when the pressure on the legitimate business interests of the country becomes too severe, it is well for the Secretary of the Treasury to afford whatever relief he can within the scope of the law.

Another reason for the scarcity of funds is the fact that there is a large deficit in our foreign trade. The exports have not come up to expectations; the imports have been enormous. The trade balance has gone against us by \$230,000,000 in a single year. Our crops this year are very large, and Europe, too, has been so well favored, notwithstanding the gloomy outlook a few months ago, that she is likely to take a much smaller quantity of our cereals than was at one time anticipated.

It is not expected that the rates for money will rule very low at any time during the remainder of the year, but judging from present appearances a more favorable state of affairs may, nevertheless, be expected very shortly. The banks are not inclined to lend their funds very freely until after the Comptroller's examination, which is daily expected; but once this interesting ceremony is completed, somewhat lower rates may be expected. Moreover, the Treasury has already begun to pay the interest on the four per cents., amounting to \$7,300,000, and this, together with the redemption of other bonds at the rate of \$5,000,000 per week, ought to afford considerable relief. Then, again, the usual October disbursements by various corporations, together with the return of money from the West and Southwest, will do much to reduce the present high rates of interest and facilitate trade.

No apprehensions are felt as to the solvency of our business interests. The present stringency is by many believed to be, to some extent at least, artificial, and the result of manipulations in Wall Street. Some say that there can be no question that this is the case. But be this as it may, the trade of the country, if not as large as might be wished, stands on a perfectly sound basis, and only speculators have anything to fear from the present stringency, though business generally will naturally be more or less inconvenienced thereby. The rates of foreign exchange have fallen below the gold-shipping point, and when our exports begin to show the increase that is expected, we may hope to see the present balance against us not only overcome, but a balance in our own favor established.

REFORM IN TAXATION.

VERMONT has been trying a new experiment in the line of taxation which is of interest to the country at large. The Green Mountain State, like most other communities, had found it difficult to reach the personal property of its richer citizens and make it pay its fair contribution to the public treasury. Money comes hard in that region of hilly farms, and men who are fortunate enough to accumulate a little sum are loath to part with any of it. Under the old system the taxpayer was left to set his own estimate on his personal property, and as he was not required to make oath to his statement, the figures were, as a rule, surprisingly low. This wholesale evasion of the common burden by the class

best able to bear it at length caused such discontent that the last Legislature inaugurated a radical change. The assessors were instructed to appraise real estate at its true cash value, instead of two-thirds that value, and every taxpayer was required to swear to a complete schedule of his property, the penalty for non-compliance being that the assessors should ascertain its amount as nearly as possible, and then double their valuation. The new system is now in the second year of its operation, and it has justified the claims of its advocates. The increase in the appraisal of real estate from \$71,114,747 in 1880 to \$106,577,559 in 1882 only corresponds with the change in the standard of valuation; but the jump in the amount of personal property returned from \$15,037,262 to \$46,996,025 represents a real addition of nearly \$32,000,000 to the aggregate of property subject to taxation. Some of the rich men have resisted the operation of the law, and risked the penalty of a double assessment, on the chance of its being declared unconstitutional; but although the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is among this small number, it is believed that the law will stand, while the judge's opposition may cost him his re-election by the new Legislature. Public sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of the system, and its success in bringing so large an amount of hidden wealth under taxation is abundant vindication of its wisdom.

CAMPAIGN ORATORY.

WHEN American politics presented themes of vital interest to every citizen—like those, for instance, which followed the formation of the Government at a period in our history when Hamilton and Jefferson led the opposing parties, and, later, when nullification and slavery were the topics of the stump—the best intellectual effort of the Union was devoted to the oratory of the campaign. The party oracles were its leading statesmen, and their speeches breathed not only the spirit of logical preparation and a high rhetorical method, but forensic eloquence was an art studied upon the classic models. In those days it was the orator of experience and study who furnished the ideas to the partisan press; in our day it is the newspaper, written by men of parallel acquirements, which gives him this mental equipment.

It is amusing, in this later period, to see the intellectual arsenal with which the campaign speaker sallies forth on his Autumn errand to teach the people their political duties. With the official manual of his State or National Committee compiled from every pool of partisan venom and exaggeration, some suggestive editorials generally clipped from the metropolitan journals, and a few extracts from the opposition press, he generally follows the brass-band and glee club with a wildly ungrammatical rehash of revamped platitudes, delivered with a series of gymnastics beside which the contortions of the Bowery actor are really sublime. And in these degenerate days of the stump, this is the kind of political pabulum fed to the honest farmer; yet it is a tribute to the average sense of the common people, since vital issues which formerly stimulated profound popular sensations have disappeared after a final settlement, that the professional blatherskites obtain small audiences, and these are generally made up of minor attachés of the machine to whom the prospect of free potatoes is a strong magnet. The fact is, it is even difficult for the average United States Senator to draw a large throng when discussing public topics, and that once popular engine of culture, the Lyceum, is almost a defunct institution.

The decadence of every form of forensic oratory, extending to Congress and the numerous Legislatures, is visible in the sparse space allotted to this class of intelligence in the daily newspapers. Time was when the debates in Congress were reported at great length, and important speeches given entire; and now, with the exception of several statesmen who rarely figure in deliberative bodies, the briefest summaries suffice. No man more certainly saw this drift of the popular taste than Horace Greeley, when, on the morning after his defeat for the Presidency, in a memorable card, he gave notice that thenceforth the energies of his journal would be devoted to the active life of the day beyond the domain of politics. It is true, too, that statesmanship as a profession scarcely exists as it did when our leading men practiced it without a subsidiary calling. Mr. Evarts has ever been more of a lawyer than a publicist; Mr. Tilden up to old age was a strict business man; Mr. Fish, Mr. Adams, and the great Southern leaders now alive, are in retirement, and, with the exception of Mr. Bayard and a few of minor degree of public service, American statesmen are all engaged in active pursuits. It is because of this altered condition of public tendencies, North and South, that even the young men of independent fortune who occasionally get into conspicuous place rarely exhibit marked personalities or pronounced culture. Men like Hamilton, Clay and



Sumner, who formulated great political doctrines before reaching their prime, and left their enduring impress on the constitutional methods of Government, do not come to the surface in this active business age. Even should such prototypes "blush unseen," it is doubtful if they could be heard above the din of mediocrity, which is the first result of a closely-organized system of politics. Hence, a man of independent ideas, of resolute personality and inventive power, is not long tolerated by campaign committees. On the contrary, he must take their instruction as to the topics upon which he will speak, and as to the manner of their treatment. What must be advocated in one section of the State must be stoutly opposed in another; and thus the peripatetic orator, deprived of conscience, goes out to instruct the citizen-elect in his political faith. Under these circumstances it is to be mourned that campaign oratory is at ebb-tide?

#### A BALEFUL OMEN.

THE comet which now makes the mornings lambent and the newspapers lurid may be regarded as the Ben Butler of the heavens. It attracts a great deal of attention; it has no well defined orbit; it doesn't happen to be going anywhere in particular; it is composed largely of olefant gas, and one of its chief functions seems to be to scare the feeble-minded. In all these particulars it strikingly resembles the parabolic politician of Yankeeeland.

It is now some hundreds of years since the sudden appearance of a comet caused a European army to disperse in dismay and leave the field to the foe. Indeed, since Halley measured the orbit of one of these celestial tramps and accurately predicted its sweep—exactly two centuries ago this very month—the opinion that a comet is a malignant messenger of Satan has suffered some damage. But the unseemly conduct of the hairy stranger, which all of our readers have recently observed every morning just before sunrise, is doing much to restore the ancient opinion. The negroes of the South, some of whom are not astronomers like Reverend Mr. Jasper, are thrown into consternation and a panic by the assumption that this particular comet is "the flaming charylt of Gabriel," as one of them alleges, and the forerunner of the speedy wreck of matter and crush of worlds. An ordinary comet is had enough, with its Cyclopean eye and its symmetrical and portentous tail, but who can lift his voice in defense of a comet that sports a huge fan-tail and two sweeping wings of fire, and, in the midst of its flight, bursts asunder into fragments 16,000 miles long 2,000 miles apart, if we recall accurately the dreadful figures? There is no knowing what such a comet may do or where it may go.

Misfortune breeds superstition. Unlucky and unthrifty people are most likely to believe in portents—in the occult influence of horseshoes and full moons, black cats, three tailed comets, four-leaved clover, candle-smut and perambulating geese. So the political candidates who are left out in the cold this Fall will incline to blame the comet for it, and sing in concert, in a minor key:

The horrible comet!  
The influence from it  
Has made all my projects go wrong;  
A dragon of evil  
Dispatched by the devil  
To ruin the wise and the strong—  
Its head is stupendous,  
Its wings are tremendous,  
And tail fifty million miles long!

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A GRAND review of the British army at Cairo has been followed by the departure for home of the troops, but sundry manifestations of hostility among the populace towards both the English and the Khédive have vindicated the decision to keep a strong force in the country for the present. The Sultan begins to fret at the quiet determination with which the English assume the practical direction of affairs in Egypt, and has threatened to ask satisfaction from the Powers if his inquiry when the invaders intend to leave the country is not speedily answered. The Sultan is also much vexed at Baker Pasha's conduct in throwing up his position as aide-de-camp and starting for Egypt to reorganize the Egyptian army, and has ordered him to be sent back to Constantinople. The British Government still postpones any announcement of its policy, and Mr. Gladstone confines his references to the subject, in a recent speech, to some general felicitations over the success of the campaign and the expression of a hope that Egypt would again be prosperous and happy. General Elliot, French Minister of War, has gone to London as Minister Plenipotentiary in connection with the settlement of the question, and word comes from Berlin that Germany's efforts to bring about a friendly understanding between the Powers most interested are meeting with good success. Meanwhile the trials, by court-martial, of offenders are in progress, and several natives convicted of participation in the June massacre at Alexandria have been executed. Arabi Pasha, whose preliminary examination has already been held, demands a trial by Englishmen, declaring that he would have made good his escape if he had supposed he was to be tried by Egyptians,

from whom he expects no mercy, but the English have already announced their intention to leave the punishment of offenders to the Khédive. The late leader of the rebel cause is in a desperate way; no lawyers dare take up his cause for fear of losing their clients, and though the faithful De Lesseps has telegraphed from Paris a certificate of Arabi's exemplary conduct during his relations with him, everybody expects that he will be promptly convicted and severely punished.

An important piece of political news comes from Germany in the announcement that the leaders of the three great sections into which the Liberal Party has for two years been divided have agreed to sink their differences and unite in a more compact organization against all other parties. Such a union must have an important effect on the impending elections for the Prussian Landtag, while, if it proves permanent, it may mark a turning-point in the politics of Germany. Bismarck's struggle to build up a reliable Parliamentary majority for himself by a union of the Clericals with the Conservatives has finally failed through the arrogance of the former, and now the dissensions among his Liberal opponents, which he has so often fostered to his own advantage, appear likely to be healed.

Two more agrarian murders are reported from Ireland. An informer deposes that some men recently arrested at Armagh belong to a society for the extermination of landlords and bailiffs, which is provided with funds by an American named Lurns. It is reported that on the recommendation of Archbishop McCabe the Irish Catholic hierarchy has refused to allow priests to attend the forthcoming conference of Parnellites.

The South American situation has undergone a decided change. The Chilians have released Garcia Calderon, the constitutional President of Peru, whom they carried off a year ago and have held prisoner ever since, and he, together with Mr. Logan, the United States Minister to Chili, are reported to be negotiating terms of peace between the two countries in Arequipa, a Peruvian city, where Vice-President Montero has established the seat of Government. As the Peruvians have always insisted upon Calderon's return as a prerequisite to a settlement, there is now, at last, a good prospect of a treaty of peace being ratified, though the latest information is to the effect that Chili refuses to abate any of her demands.

Tian Chu, the leader of the Dungan rebellion against China, is dead, which solves a grave diplomatic difficulty, as China persistently demanded his surrender.—The Afghan troops have revolted against the Ameer.—The Italian Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved, and new elections will be held the latter part of the month.—Insurgent Arabs have attacked a French outpost on the Algerian border, and serious trouble is threatened.

THE political situation in Pennsylvania is becoming more and more involved as the contest deepens, and there is a probability that the Republicans will lose some of their Congressional Districts owing to the existing dissensions. The Independents are making a vigorous canvass, and their meetings are everywhere largely attended, while the Regulars find it difficult in some localities to effect any satisfactory organization. As the field now looks, the overthrow of the "machine" may be considered as certain.

It is seldom, indeed, in any country that the closing of a business house is an event of national interest, yet the announcement that "Stewart's" has finally disappeared concerns people not only in New York city, but throughout the entire country. No mercantile establishment was ever so well-known all over the Union, or commanded so national a patronage. It was one of the sights for country visitors, and it was one of the best known institutions of the city for multitudes who never saw New York. Its founder's dream that it should long survive him has not been realized, but his fame as the great shopkeeper of America is never likely to be rivaled by an imitator.

It turns out that the net income of the Post Office Department for the last fiscal year was \$1,500,000, or half a million greater than it was estimated to be. This surplus is exactly the sum saved per annum by Postmaster-general James by cutting down, or entirely cutting off, Brady's expedited, useless and fraudulent Star service. Under a less resolute official than Mr. James, this service, backed as it was by Congressional influence, and entrenched in fraud and corruption, would have been maintained at the extravagant maximum cost of \$8,200,000 asked for it by the Brady gang, and the Department would now be in arrears instead of being fairly self-sustaining.

NOTABLE progress has been made in recent years in the work of providing facilities for the higher education of women. In 1871 there were in this country 136 institutions, or colleges, designed to afford this instruction, with 1,163 teachers and 12,841 students. In 1880, according to the report of the National Commissioner of Education, there were 227 of such institutions, with 2,340 teachers, 25,780 students, and grounds, buildings and apparatus valued at \$9,510,909. It is only twelve years ago that the Michigan University and the Illinois Industrial University were opened to women. Since then they have been admitted to Cornell, the University of Vermont, the Boston University, the Smith and Wellesley Colleges, the Harvard Annex for Women, and other popular institutions.

THE experience of Memphis and New Orleans during the past season has furnished convincing testimony to the value of sanitary science. In both cities the approach of hot weather has always aroused the most serious

apprehensions, and even when they escaped outbreaks of yellow fever they were ravaged by epidemics only less dreaded and fatal. But after the terrible scourge of yellow fever a few years ago radical reforms in the matter of sewerage and drainage were introduced, and it is universally admitted that both cities have been cleaner the past Summer than ever before. The result has been an almost entire freedom from epidemic diseases and an extraordinarily low death-rate. Even the fossils who ridiculed the "new-fangled notions" of the sanitary reformers are compelled to admit that their wisdom has been already vindicated.

ALTHOUGH more than year has elapsed since Garfield's death, the memory of the martyred President is still green in the hearts of his countrymen. Every pleasant day hundreds of visitors gather before the vault of the Lake View Cemetery where his body lies, and fresh flowers are daily placed upon the coffin. Some of the Cleveland people would like to have the proposed national monument in Garfield's memory erected in the heart of the city rather than in the cemetery, which lies in an eastern suburb, but the trustees of the monument association protest that such a change in the plans would be impossible. It certainly would be inadvisable, for no more beautiful or appropriate place for the monument could be found than the slightly spot in the cemetery selected for the President's grave. It was here that Garfield had expressed the wish to be buried long before the assassination was conceived, and it is here that the national memorial should be erected.

THE ancient proverb, which forbids looking a gift horse in the mouth, appears to have been forgotten by the metropolis. In the enthusiasm of the centennial period a committee of Frenchmen was formed, which proposed to present this country with an immense statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be erected upon a pedestal provided here, the joint work to celebrate the Revolutionary alliance of the two nations. The French committee easily raised the money to construct the statue, and Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor was selected as the site. All this was half a dozen years ago. Meanwhile work upon the statue has steadily gone on, until it is now so nearly completed that the pedestal will soon be wanted, when it is found that not a cent of money has been raised towards providing that part of the structure. The Frenchmen are naturally surprised and displeased at such cavalier treatment, and it has even been rumored that they were so piqued as to contemplate offering the statue to Boston. But now that their remissness is thus sharply brought home to them, New Yorkers appear disposed to do their duty in the matter, and it may be hoped that our wealthy and public-spirited citizens will soon make up the amount needed to secure the completion of the work.

THE coroner's jury in the case of the recent shocking disaster in the railroad tunnel in New York city have returned a comprehensive verdict. They find the delinquent conductor of the New Haven train guilty of "gross and criminal negligence" in disregarding the safety of his passengers, and the boys, whose failure in duty as signal operator and as brakeman contributed to the collision, guilty of "culpable negligence." They also go beyond these underlings, and put the final responsibility where it belongs—upon the Hudson River Railroad Company for its "gross and criminal negligence" in allowing trains to run through the tunnel in such a reckless manner, and the New Haven Company for its "gross and criminal negligence and reprehensible dereliction of duty" in failing to provide its trains with a sufficient number of experienced brakemen. The jury also recommend sundry reforms in the running arrangements for trains in the tunnel, and urge the enactment by the Legislature of laws providing for greater safety on railroads. This is all right as far as it goes, but a somewhat similar verdict on the Spuyten Duyvil disaster of nine months ago has shown how little effect the findings of coroners' juries are apt to have. What is needed is the indictment, trial and condign punishment for manslaughter, not of poor water-boys and over-worked signal operators of eighteen years, but of the officials—superintendents or whatever else they may be—who are really responsible for these inexcusable slaughters.

READERS who have followed the previous remarks of Mr. Rufus Hatch, upon financial topics, which have appeared in these columns from time to time, will find no falling off in vigor or in interest in his contribution in another page of this paper. Rarely has the course of events and of values in Wall Street been so confused and so contradictory as during the last few weeks, and the future of the market is more truly than ever one of those things which "no fellow can find out." Mr. Hatch's remarks, however, which are largely based on original and personal sources of information, indicate very clearly some of the efficient causes of the present state of affairs, and points out the facts which have real significance and influence for the future. The breezy, off-hand manner of the discussion makes it entertaining to a degree, while the pleasant personal references to Messrs. Depew, Beecher, Vanderbilt and others, give the matter an added piquancy. But below the sarcasm and the satire is a solid stratum of good "horse sense" which, combined with long experience and wide observation, have made the judgments of Mr. Hatch worth heeding. In other words, "Uncle Rufus" is a man both of ideas and of facts, and when he mixes both with a dash of his native and genuine wit, the public enjoy the results, and may, if they are wise, profit by them. Of course, Mr. Hatch has taken up new ground since last Summer, and he gives good reasons for his change of front which it would be difficult to controvert.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

DIRECT telegraphic communication between this country and Peru was established last week.

CALIFORNIA was visited by unusually heavy rains last week, with snow in the mountains.

MR. SCOVILLE has filed a petition in the Chicago courts to have his wife, Guiteau's sister, adjudged a lunatic.

THE Commission to investigate the circumstances attending the loss of the *Jeannette* began its labors last week.

At the September election in Arkansas on the liquor question, the vote was 78,889 for license, and 45,941 against license.

THE grand total of the subscriptions received and acknowledged by the *Irish World* in aid of the Land League fund is \$342,567.

FRANK JAMES, the notorious outlaw, surrendered himself to Governor Crittenden of Missouri last week, in the hope of being leniently dealt with.

A LINEMAN of an electric light company in New York city was instantly killed one day last week by thoughtlessly taking a wire in each hand.

THE special committee appointed to examine the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber of the new Capitol at Albany reports to the Governor that it is unsafe.

COMMISSIONER PRICE has notified the Indians whose support is not provided for by treaty stipulations that they will be expected to labor for a livelihood.

THE Chairman of the House Appropriation Committee hopes to have four of the regular appropriation Bills ready to report when Congress reassembles.

IN Delaware, last week, the election for Inspectors and Assessors resulted in marked Republican gains—the Democratic majority on the popular vote amounting to only 100.

EX-SENATOR BLAINE was taken sick at York Beach, Me., a few days ago, and was for a while dangerously ill, but soon recovered sufficiently to be taken to his Augusta home.

THERE were 121 failures in the United States during the past week, fifty-two less than in the preceding week, and thirty-five more than in the corresponding week of last year.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR spent last week at the Thousand Islands in Alexandria Bay. On the 5th a reception was given in his honor, that being the fifty-second anniversary of his birth.

THE Vermont Legislature convened on the 4th instant. In the House, James L. Martin was elected Speaker for a third term. Governor Barstow's message states that the debt of the State is \$209,583.

THE Democracy of Connecticut last week nominated Thomas M. Waller for Governor, and George G. Sumner for Lieutenant governor. They represent the "Young Democracy," and are regarded as strong candidates.

THE amount received for domestic money orders issued by the Post Office Department last year was \$113,400,118—an increase of 8 per cent. over the previous year—and for foreign \$6,536,514—an increase of 40 per cent.

YELLOW fever has almost entirely disappeared from Brownsville, Tex., but several deaths daily are still reported from Pensacola, Fla., where the total number of cases, up to the 6th instant, had reached 1,111, with 103 deaths.

THE investigation into the Star Route bribery charges has been transferred from the District Attorney's office to the Department of Justice, and Attorney-general Brewster will personally supervise the work. The Star Route organs marvel at the change.

THE Longfellow Memorial Association has issued a circular to the "children of America" inviting 10 cent subscriptions towards the fulfillment of the plan of the association for the erection of a memorial statue in front of the poet's late residence at Cambridge.

THE election in Georgia, last week, resulted in the success of the Democratic State and Legislature tickets, Mr. Stephens having 60,000 majority for Governor. The election was very quiet, and the absence of party feeling everywhere was unparalleled since the war.

A STATE Temperance Convention of 600 delegates, held at Syracuse last week, organized an association based on the idea of prohibition. An active canvass will be made to secure the submission to the people of an Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in the State of New York. A Prohibitory Convention was also held in New Hampshire last week.

THE new commissioners of Alabama claims held their first session in Washington last week. There still remains in the Treasury \$9,553,800 of the Geneva award. The claims filed number 140, for clothes and wages lost by seamen, though fifty-two are for the payment of war premiums. It is deemed probable that over four thousand claims will be presented before the commission.

ONE of the largest public meetings ever held in Brooklyn convened last week, upon the request of Mayor Low, who desired to address the citizens on matters of public concern. The burden of his address was that if the people of the city desired honest local government, they must themselves secure it by a faithful discharge of their political duties. The election of 51 representatives in the Assembly and of a Comptroller and Auditor able and willing to co-operate heartily in the work of city reform was specially referred to as worthy of the attention of every good citizen. The address made a profound impression.

##### Foreign.

It is announced that the Suez Canal is to be enlarged and improved.

A RECENT explosion in a torpedo magazine on the Russian ironclad *Admiral Popoff* killed about thirty men.

M. DREVES, French Minister of Justice, has submitted to the Ministerial Council a project to reform the Judicial Bench.

It is now said that no genuine documents connecting Arabi Pasha with the outrages committed in Alexandria have yet been discovered.

It is said that England may propose a reorganization of the financial affairs of Egypt by the suppression of the Control and an extension of the powers of the Public Debt Commission.

PROFESSOR NEWCOMB and party, sent by the United States Government to observe the transit of Venus, sailed from Southampton for the Cape of Good Hope on the 6th instant.

A DISPATCH from Suez reports a water famine there. What water remains in the canal is putrid. Many persons are sick with fever. There are eighty cases of typhoid fever in hospital at Ramleh.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



GEN. MONTERO, VICE-PRESIDENT OF PERU.



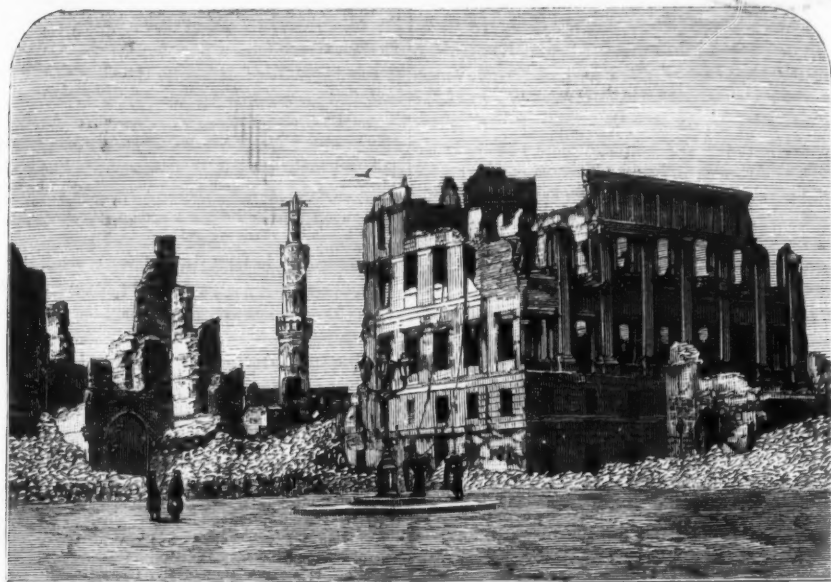
CHINA.—PLOWING A RIVER BOTTOM FOR RICE-CULTURE.



THE LATE DR. EDWARD B. PUSEY.



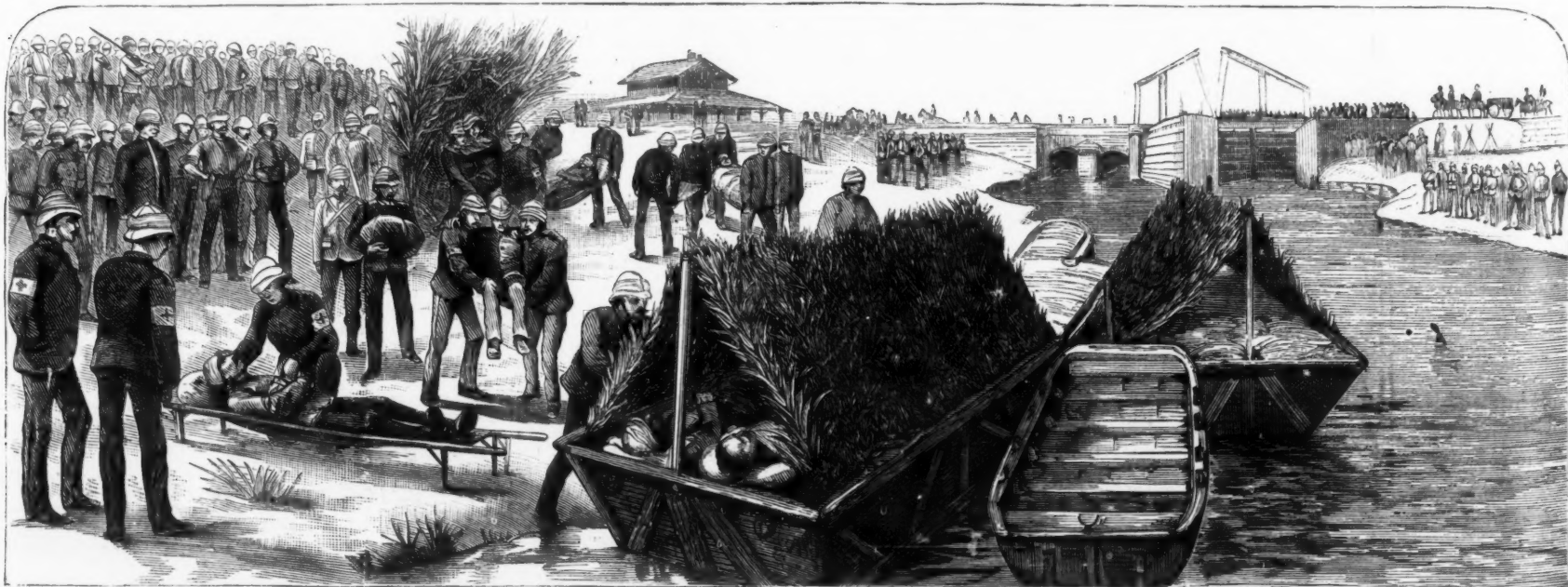
THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—HOW BRITISH OFFICERS TRAVEL: GENERAL SIR HAVELOCK ALLAN GOING TO THE FRONT.



THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PALACE OF IBRAHIM PASHA, IN ALEXANDRIA.



THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—VIEW OF THE GREAT SQUARE IN ALEXANDRIA, AS IT NOW IS.



THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—THE WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR LEAVING KASSASSIN FOR ISMAILIA BY THE FRESH-WATER CANAL.





CALIFORNIA.—HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.



MASSACHUSETTS.—HON. ROBERT R. BISHOP, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



CONNECTICUT.—HON. WILLIAM H. BULKELEY, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY OLSEN.—SEE PAGE 119.

HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE,  
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF  
CALIFORNIA.

HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE, the Republican candidate for Governor of California, is a Western Pennsylvanian by birth and is forty-nine years old. He was a miner, but has for a long time been a prominent San Francisco lawyer, being the author of a work on code practice. It was through him that

Newton Booth was nominated for Governor. When Senator Farley was elected, Mr. Estes received the vote of the Republicans. His sentiments are against the corporations.

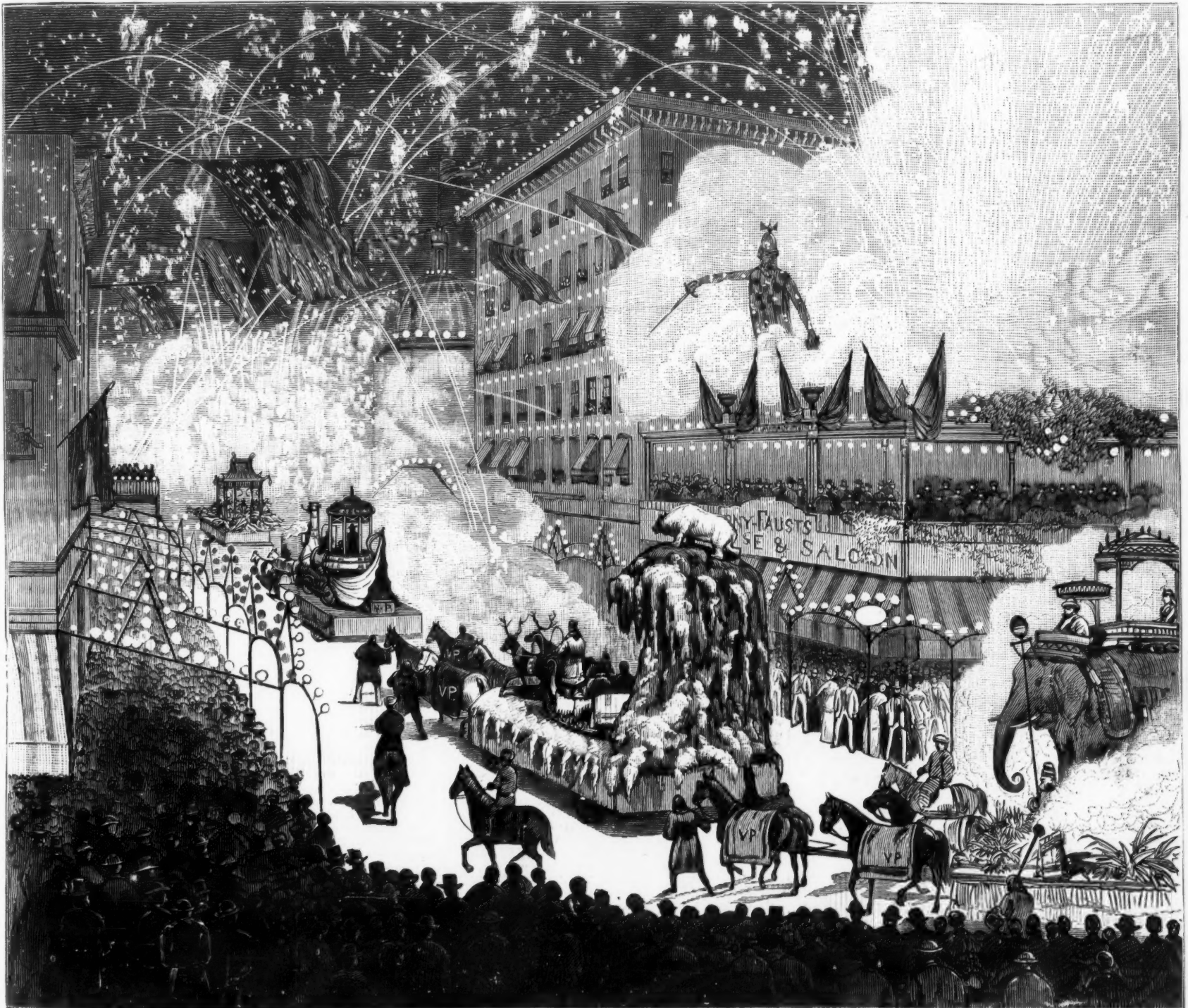
In Republicanism he is much of an independent. He is identified, like his competitor, General Stoneman, with the agricultural interests, and has a 300-acre vineyard in Napa County. He is a man of irreproachable character, and should he be elected, would fill with credit the position for which he is named.

HON. ROBERT R. BISHOP,  
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF  
MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. ROBERT ROBERTS BISHOP, the Republican nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, is just in the prime of life, having been born March 31st, 1834, at Medfield, in that State. His father, Jonathan P. Bishop, was well known as a lawyer, and in politics was a Free-Soiler. It was his vote

that elected Charles Sumner to the United States Senate in 1851.

Mr. Bishop was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, being unable, owing to ill health, to enter Harvard College, as he had intended. He studied law in the office of a Boston firm, and in the Dane Law School, Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1857. He subsequently spent a year in the law office of Peleg W. Chandler, and in 1861 formed a law partnership with T. K. Lathrop, which continued until the year 1879,



MISSOURI.—THE CARNIVAL OF THE "VAILED PROPHET" IN ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 3d.—THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CORNER OF FIFTH AND ELM STREETS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.—SEE PAGE 119.



when Mr. Lathrop retired from the firm. In 1862, Mr. Bishop removed his residence from Boston to Newton Centre, and in 1874 he entered the State Legislature as a representative from the last-named town. He declined a re-election. Since 1878 he has been a member of the Senate, being President of that body since 1880. As a legislator Mr. Bishop has been a member of several important committees, and he is regarded as in every respect a capable and conscientious official. As a presiding officer he has distinguished himself by his impartiality and his strict adherence to sound parliamentary principles. Several of his decisions have been important contributions to the body of parliamentary law. Mr. Bishop is a man of settled convictions, and has never been known to dodge a vote from considerations of expediency. His course in public life has been straightforward and honorable throughout, and in this respect he presents a striking contrast to his competitor, General Butler. As a railroad and commercial lawyer he has been highly successful, and as a citizen he has uniformly exhibited a lively concern in everything affecting the public interests. He takes an active interest in local history, and he is the author of the only complete history of the Massachusetts Senate. His attainments in the classics have been recognized by Dartmouth College with the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

### THEIR COMMON BOND.

SEVERAL explosive sneezes interrupted Loe Travis as she added the last touches of charming disorder to the fringe of curling bronze hair which lay on her forehead. As a particularly energetic "Ah-tish-oo!" rent the air, and caused her to perform an involuntary courtesy, her straight, dark brows met in the thoughtful little frown which was peculiar to her, and, looking meditatively into the mirror, she observed that her blue-gray eyes were inflamed, and that her pretty nose, with its suspicion of tip-tiltiness, had, on this occasion, more than a suspicion of redness.

"I can't have taken a cold," Loe meditated. "It must be; yes, it is the fifteenth of August!" she exclaimed, as she glanced at the calendar which hung on the wall of her room. "It has come!" she announced, solemnly, as she walked into the room where the family were assembled at breakfast.

"What? The Day of Judgment, or a cyclone?" demanded Kate, Loe's younger sister. "None of your flippancy, miss!" rebuked Loe. "What evil genius has dogged my footsteps since my earliest teens, lying in wait for me, and pouncing upon me with mathematical precision every year on the fifteenth of August? What diabolical spirit, may I ask you, holds me in its clutches from that date onward, making me sneeze, and gasp, and cough at its own sweet will—(not mine, I assure you!) until frost releases me from captivity?"

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are, 'Hay fever time again!'" she continued, with mock despair and real vexation. "But," brightening, and speaking with sudden resolution:

"'Tis well for us all that a region lies  
Where the infusoria never rise,  
and I'm going there this Summer!"

Mrs. Travis, Kate and Johnny stared in amazement. Had Loe developed latent lunacy? Only last evening they had all assembled in solemn conclave to discuss ways means to pay the butcher's bill, and here was Loe coolly announcing that she was about to take a pleasure-trip!

"How?" inquired Kate.  
"She'll take her knapsack on her back,  
And travel on the railway track,"

sang Johnny, in an irritating falsetto.  
"You know I'd be glad to have you go to Michigan, or to some of those Northern States, dear, but—" began Mrs. Travis.

"Yes," interrupted Loe, "I know that the family exchequer is not filled to overflowing. But I have a plan, and if Kate and Johnny will stop glaring at me as if I were a two-headed lady, I'll tell you about it."

She accordingly unfolded her plan, and, after many feeble jokes and much scoffing on the part of Kate and Johnny, great perplexity on the part of Mrs. Travis, and much triumphant proving of points at issue on the part of Loe, she won her mother's consent to what she wished to do, and cheerfully dispensed with the approval of jeering Kate and Johnny.

One afternoon, late in August, Donald Trafton stood by the river, at a Wisconsin Summer resort, skipping stones. As he was sauntering along the wooded banks of the Lac la Belle, its smooth expanse suggested a renewal, at thirty, of one of his boyish sports at ten. Acting upon the suggestion, he had collected a small mountain of thin, smooth stones, and, for the past ten minutes or more, had been laboriously trying to make them skip properly. But, instead of giving the graceful little leaps which Trafton had expected them to do as a matter of course, they ineffectually grazed the surface of the river, and then plunged at once beneath. They made a pretty show of sparkles and dancing rings on the shining water, it is true, but they were not by any means fulfilling the whole duty of skipping stones. Donald paused, and ruefully admitted that his success was not brilliant. So evidently thought an unseen spectator, for, to Trafton's stupefaction, there swooped upon him an apparition in an ivory flannel dress, with a dark-green sailor hat atilt on a bronze confusion of curl and wave, and a pair of—

"Eyes of a deep, soft, luscious hue,  
Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be gray,"

met his with the direct gaze of a child, while a sweet voice pleaded:  
"Oh, please let me show you!"  
As Trafton turned, a slight reddening, which would have been an undeniable blush in a fairer man, overspread his face, and he met the gaze of the pretty stranger with a look of recognition and pleasure which was instantly suppressed. She did not notice this look, however, for her fingers were tingling for the

skipping-stones as an artist's may tingle for pencil and brush when he sees them used by unskillful hands. Trafton making no reply to her request, she again pleaded:

"Oh, do let me show you!"  
He yielded his place at once to the *incognita* in ivory and green, and, after ruthlessly demolishing Trafton's carefully-built mountain, she gleaned from the scattered stones a few that met with her approval, and proceeded to "show" him. How pretty she looked as she stooped on the bank, taking careful aim! With her fringe of hair blown by the winds into countless curly tendrils, her lashes resting heavily on her cheeks like black satin on peach-blossoms, and resolute little dimples deepening at the corners of her mouth, Trafton thought he had never seen anything more satisfactory to look upon.

In another instant the stone was thrown. A deft turn of the wrist sent it spinning over the river, touching its surface and bounding onward four separate times. *Incognita* breathed a quick, satisfied sigh at the successful accomplishment of her feat, and said, excitedly, "There! Johnny himself couldn't have done better!" Then she suddenly seemed to awaken to the enormity of her conduct in thus thrusting herself into the society of an unknown gentleman, taking forcible possession of his retreat, and insisting upon teaching him to skip stones, will he, nill he. Sudden scarlet eclipsed cheek peach blossoms, and she began to stammer apologies.

"What will you think of me?" she began. "Indeed I am not bold and improper, although I know that I must have seemed so this afternoon. You may ask any one at Fort Raynor if I am." And then, recollecting that she was speaking to some one who had probably never seen Fort Raynor, she added, hastily, "Or I will give you the addresses of my minister and my Bible-class teacher, and you may write and ask them."

Trafton looked at her with smiling dark eyes as she stood, in wild anxiety, to clear herself from all suspicion of being an improper person. Then, as she concluded, he said, reassuringly:

"There is no necessity for writing. I am fully convinced that you are the very pink and pinnacle of propriety. Why, any young lady who had a spark of the missionary spirit in her composition would feel it an imperative duty to hasten to the instruction of a benighted heathen, who was struggling, unaided and alone, to make some progress in the noble art of skipping stones."

"You really were doing very badly," said the pretty missionary, candidly.

"Still, if you really insist upon it," continued Trafton, looking at her quizzically, "when I return to Fort Raynor, I will question your pastor and teacher with regard to you, Miss Travis!"

The tables of surprise were completely turned upon Loe. She repeated, blankly, "Fort Raynor! Miss Travis!" then recovering herself slightly, said, "I know that it is not polite to stare at you so, and repeat your words as if I were a parrot; but you have completely petrified me. Please turn me to flesh and blood as quickly as possible by explaining what you meant by exploding those names upon me like two Fourth of July fire-crackers."

"Very well, Miss Galatea. I live at Fort Raynor. I am Donald Trafton, of the firm of Trafton & Detwiler, hardware merchants. I have seen you in church, and learned your name, although I have never chanced to meet you anywhere until to-day."

"We have only lived in Fort Raynor for two months," explained Loe, "and we have been busy settling, and mother's health is poor, so that I've been almost nowhere as yet except to church and the confectioner's," she added, with a whimsical reflectiveness. "Sometimes, when I feel as if I were absolutely rolling in gold—that is, have a dime to spare—I treat myself to some chocolates. Now, if you had only chosen to sell candy instead of stoves and nails, this double surprise might have been avoided. But you would have learned what a temper I have if you had sold me stale chocolate."

"Never would I have been guilty of such baseness!" returned Trafton, fervently. "But have I dissolved the stony spell which bound you?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Loe, giving herself a playful little shake. "But I am turned to flesh only to fly, for it's a quarter past five," she announced, glancing at her watch and returning it to her girdle of dark-green velvet. Then, before Trafton could carry out his intention of looking at his timepiece, and declaring that hers was absurdly fast, she had bidden him good-afternoon and sped away.

He hurried after her to express a wish that they might meet often. She never paused, but merely tossed over her shoulder a cool, "It isn't likely, for I am so busy."

"What can she be 'so busy' about?" Trafton pondered, shrugging his shoulders in annoyance. "For what fancy-work (or fancy idleness) has she thrown me over, I wonder? Probably, like the rest of womankind, she has fallen under the baleful influence of sun-flowers and cat-tails. But she is carrying her devotion to extremes, if, even for their aesthetic sake, she eschews the society of her kind."

Trafton felt amazed, as well as nettled, by Loe's cavalier dismissal of his request. He was by no means vain; still, he could not but be conscious that he had a well-knit, athletic figure, and a remarkably handsome face; and he knew there were few young ladies who would not prefer his society to seclusion, even when brightened by the yellow charms of the most gorgeous sunflower that ever lit a Kansas prairie or bloomed upon a chair-back. He reflected, however, that Miss Travis's apparent check upon his advances might be only a coquettish thorn, intended to sting and stimulate him into seeking the rose, herself. And then he fell to wondering if he would see her at the lawn social that evening.

He had told her that he had seen her sometimes at church, but he had not informed her that, after his first sight of her there, he had attended its services regularly for the sole purpose of looking at her.

He had strolled into the Episcopal church at Fort Raynor, and his attention had been attracted by a very pretty girl, who looked, as she listened to the sermon, like a child listening to an absorbing fairy story. Her eyes were wide and attentive, her head thrown a little back, and her lips slightly parted. Loe never posed for effect, but she had a way of doing heartily whatever she did, which habit included even listening to a rather poor sermon.

Trafton came again and again, making the lovely face, with its fascinating combination of earnestness and piquancy, his prayer-book, sermon and song. He had never been able to obtain an introduction to its owner, for the reason which she herself had given that afternoon. Then the time for his annual hay-fever coming around, he had run away from it to this northern retreat, trusting to find Miss Travis in her usual place on his return.

She was not at the lawn social, nor did he meet any one who knew her, so he was forced to fall back on the hope of another chance encounter.

It came three days later. He found her seated on a camp-stool trying to sketch a bit of river scenery. He was as familiar with paint-brush and pencil as she was with skipping stones, and under his instructions and finishing touches the sketch was much more satisfactory than it would have been otherwise.

"My self-respect is at last restored," said Trafton. "We have mutually instructed and surprised each other, and may as well cry quits."

"Perhaps," said Loe, with a look which suggested the possibility of her having further surprises in store. Then she gathered up her materials preparatory to another flight.

"Are you Cinderella, running off to your pots and pans?" laughingly inquired Trafton, as he noted the quick look at her watch with which she prefaced her withdrawal.

"Perhaps," tersely replied this mysterious young woman. "I am—staying—at Mrs. Blanding's," she added, with an odd, little dimpling smile, as Trafton begged her to tell him where she boarded; then walked away with a swift, elastic tread.

The next morning found Trafton installed as a guest at Mrs. Blanding's. In the margin of time which bordered the dinner-hour, some of his fellow-boarders assembled in the wide hall, or on the shaded porch. He scanned the little knots for Loe, but she was not visible. Eminent among the ladies were a classical girl, two scientific girls, and a flirting girl. The classical girl had woven several Homeric threads into the flimsy web of desultory conversation; the scientific girls had set up Darwin and Herbert Spencer in opposition to Homer; the flirting girl had angled for and obtained several neat little compliments, yet Loe did not appear. They were at the dinner-table; every chair was occupied; Trafton's eyes wandered eagerly in search of Loe, still she was unaccountably absent. He turned suddenly as a sweet, unusual voice behind his chair inquired his choice of soups, and his eyes rested upon the face for which he had been searching.

This creature of surprises wore a blue gingham, with a white apron, and white collar and cuffs. Her wayward hair was filleted and coiled into subjection, and if any merriment lay in ambush under the dark lashes it revealed itself only by the merest twinkle. Beside this severely grave young person Milton's ideal woman, as exemplified in Eve waiting on her celestial visitors, would have appeared a giddy thing.

In his amazement he had not answered her question, and she repeated it. He stammered something in reply, and she flitted away. Awaiting her return, he glanced at the other occupants of the table to see what they thought of having Miss Travis for a waitress. Apparently, they thought nothing of it, for their faces showed no marks of surprise, and they continued sipping soup so placidly that Trafton soliloquized somewhat savagely: "If an angel should drop down in a casual way, told its wings carefully so as to keep the feathers out of the butter, put a large apron over its 'robe of white samite, mystic, wonderful,' and begin to wait on the table, they would take it as a matter of course."

Loe soon returned with the soup, and, placing it before Trafton, said, in a solemn, measured whisper, "ARE—we—quits?" Then her lips suddenly curved, and a voiceless laugh ran over her face, setting free a host of dimples, and brimming over in her blue-gray eyes. A second later her face was unchangeably demure, and she darted away to supply somebody with water.

Trafton wished that the merry bud of laughter could have blossomed. He would have liked to join in the silver peal, even though it had rung at his own expense.

Light had broken upon him. He fancied that he held the clew to Loe's freak. Remembering her pregnant "Perhaps!" in answer to his remark that they might as well cry quits, he concluded that she had planned this surprise on the spot in order to turn the scale once more in her favor, and that she had taken the boarders into her confidence, and bound them to silence. And he would not question any one. The little witch should have her triumph; he would not mar it by any Paul Prying.

As the days went on he was rather surprised to see her remain at her post, and take no share in the festivities of the place; but, perhaps, she had a taste for private theatricals, and wished to make her part consistent. At all events, freakishness was to Loe what freakedness is to the pansy—an added grace.

Loe, having got the better of Trafton, felt friendly towards him in consequence, and graciously allowed him to fill her intervals of

leisure with boating, sketching, rambling, and all the other pleasant and so-forths of Summer idling-time, which can be conducted *a deux*, and from which, therefore, she was not debarred.

So the days sped by as lightly as thistle-down puffs on a buoyant breeze till the woods began to blush and the Summer sojourners to ebb away. Trafton was not certain that Loe returned his love, for she was by no means a girl to wear a sweet secret as openly as the flowers at her belt. One morning, however, he resolved to put a plain question, and wait for a straightforward answer.

They were resting in a scarlet nook of the woods after a long ramble. She was looking up at the point where red tree-shafts and blue sky met, with the wide, intent gaze which he remembered of old.

"Loe," he said, suddenly, "what do you suppose I went to church at Fort Raynor for?" "Why, how can I tell?" bringing her gaze from the tree-tops to his face. "Perhaps you went to show your new clothes, or to see what the other gentlemen wore; or," she suggested as a remote possibility, "you may have gone to hear the sermon."

"I went to look at you. And I looked at you because"—here he faltered, then went on quickly and passionately—"because I loved you."

Did a flush spring to Loe's cheek, or was it only a reflection cast by the rose leaves? Did a quick smile curve her lips, or was it only a trick of the sunlight that played on her face? Trafton could not tell, for she turned her head so quickly.

"Loe," he pleaded, after moments had passed into minutes, "what do you say? Better 'No' than nothing, but make it 'Yes' if you can."

That was a neat little model of an Egyptian pyramid which she was constructing with the scattered acorns; but—he wanted his answer, and she seemed in no haste to give it. She was beginning to weave a very tasteful wreath of the tinted leaves; but—his long-stretched patience would snap before it was done.

At last she turned and said, in her pretty, thoughtful way, with wide eyes and a reflective little frown:

"How strange it is that some words are so hard to pronounce, although they are really very short!—'Yes,' for example." Then there was a second edition of the smile and blush which were unequivocal verities, and Trafton read in the lovely eyes the answer that the lips had only skirted.

"That was a blessed caprice of yours, Loe! If it hadn't been for that I couldn't have monopolized you as I have done all these weeks. And perhaps, but for that, you would have said 'Yes' to some one else, and I couldn't have you for my own all a long lifetime, as I hope to do, sweet-heart," said Trafton, a few days later, as he slipped a gleaming ring on Loe's finger.

"Caprice?" she echoed.  
"Yes, the caprice that led you to wait at Mrs. Blanding's table in order to give me a finishing surprise."

"As if you were worth the trouble!" she retorted. "Perhaps it is a caprice to have the hay-fever?" she mildly inquired.

"No!—a thousand times no!" exclaimed Trafton, energetically.

"It may be a caprice, perhaps, to wish to go where you will not have it?"

"There could not be a more eminently sensible desire," fervently returned Trafton.

"And I suppose, of course, that it is a caprice not to have much money?" continued Loe, with deadly sarcasm.

"Alas for freakish humanity if that be so!"

"I have sneezed through the hay-fever for so many years that I wanted desperately to escape from it. But we haven't nearly enough money to allow me to go as a butterfly, so I decided to go as a bee. The New England girls at the White Mountains put the idea in my head, and I recollected Mrs. Blanding, an old neighbor of ours in New York, who was keeping boarders here. I wrote to her, stating my dire need, and asking if I could come as a waitress. She replied that I might. So here I came, and here I met Prince Charming, who has been very good to me and given me a lovely ring." With a glance at the sparkling ring and a smile to its donor, she added: "Am I acquitted of capriciousness?"

"In regard to the neat-handed Phyllis episode—yes! But suppose you inquire why I came here?"

"Why did you?" she returned, obediently.  
"Because I, also, have the hay-fever! Loe, it is clear that you and I were made for each other; for are we not pursued by a common enemy, and united by a common bond?"

### THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL AT MARSHFIELD.

THE present year brings the centennial anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth, the great statesman having been born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18th, 1782. The occasion received considerable quiet recognition last January, but the public celebration of the anniversary was postponed, so that it might occur at a more propitious season of the year on the Marshfield farm where Webster passed his happiest days, and where he was buried. The Webster Historical Association, which had the matter in charge, at first proposed holding the exercises on October 3d, but the date was finally postponed until this week, to suit the convenience of President Arthur.

As Webster's fame will always be inseparably connected with the Bay State, which he so long served in the Senate, his name will ever be associated with the ancient town of Marshfield, where he always sought refuge from the distractions of political life at the capital. It was in 1824, while he was a member of the House of Representatives, that Webster first visited Marshfield, and fell in love with the old homestead of Captain Thomas, of Revolutionary fame. The place commanded an exceptionally fine view of the ocean, and was especially provided with natural and artificial advantages for farming. The neighboring hills which rose up on the west of



the premises shut out the view from the rest of the world and isolated the magnificent farm in a perfect amphitheatre. Mrs. Webster shared her husband's admiration of the spot, and for several summers they were boarders in the family of Captain Thomas. As Mr. Webster became better acquainted with the place the desire to become its owner grew stronger and stronger, and finally, in 1831, a purchase was negotiated, and Mr. Webster became the owner of the farm he so much desired to possess. Thenceforward to the end of his life the Great Exponent of the Constitution called Marshfield his home, and thither he hastened whenever he could escape from Washington. Mr. Webster had a natural taste for farming, and devoted much attention to the management of affairs on his estate. During the recess of Congress he might often be found in the garb of a farmer looking after his crops, helping "the hands" in getting in the hay, or admiring the famous Jersey stock which he was first to introduce in that region. He loved the free and unconventional life of this seaside farm, and was often heard to say, "I had rather be here than in the Senate."

The farm is still a beautiful spot, but the old Webster place has disappeared. Several years ago the famous old barn was destroyed by fire, and a few years subsequently the home of the great statesman shared the same fate. Now a substantial modern mansion stands in the place of the old farmhouse, and the young trees that Mr. Webster planted so copiously have grown up, and make quite a grove around the place. The office where he did the work that would demand his attention even in vacation days still stands, however, and is a treasured relic of its former occupant. The tomb where his remains were deposited is within sight of the homestead.

Webster was married in early life to Grace Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H., who bore him four children, Charles, Julia, Edward and Fletcher. The three eldest died before their father, and Fletcher fell while serving as colonel of the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers in the battle of August 29th, 1862, near Bull Run. Colonel Fletcher Webster's widow is still living on the old estate, and worthily maintains the honor of the family name, which now rests in her keeping. Mr. Webster's second wife, Caroline Bayard Le Roy, of New York city, having died a few months ago. We give portraits of the first wife of the great statesman and of Mrs. Fletcher Webster.

Massachusetts cherishes tenderly Webster's memory, and the celebration this week engages the attention of the most prominent citizens, while the presence of President Arthur properly recognizes the great services of the dead statesman to the country as well as his State.

#### HON. WILLIAM H. BULKELEY,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

GENERAL WILLIAM H. BULKELEY, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, is a descendant of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder of Concord, Mass. He was born on March 2d, 1840, at East Haddam, Conn., but removed to Hartford seven years later with his father, Eliphalet Bulkeley, who was then School Fund Commissioner. General Bulkeley was educated in the public schools of Hartford. When his school-days were over he entered a drygoods house, and in 1857 removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he remained for a time with the firm of H. P. Morgan & Co. He then conducted a successful drygoods house on his own account for six years. General Bulkeley was a member of the Thirtieth New York Regiment when the war broke out, and he went with his command to the front in 1861. In 1862 he organized Company G, of the Fifty-sixth New York Regiment, and was elected captain. He served in General Smith's division until his regiment was ordered home, during the draft riots of 1863. Shortly afterwards the regiment was disbanded, its term of service having expired. General Bulkeley returned to Hartford in 1868 and organized the firm of Kellogg & Bulkeley Company, lithographers, of which he has since been president. He was for several years vice-president of the Etina Life Insurance Company, of which his father was the founder and first president, and is at present one of its directors. He is also a director in the Orient Fire Insurance Company, the American National Bank and the United States Trust Company. Three years ago he purchased the largest drygoods establishment in Hartford, and has since managed it with success. General Bulkeley was for five years a member of the Hartford Common Council Board, serving one year as vice-president and one year as president. He is now serving his third term of three years as a member of the Hartford Board of Street Commissioners. He has been an active politician for some years, and in 1880 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, and so honored his position that his nomination for the higher office of Governor came as the logical result. A *Herald* correspondent says of him: "General Bulkeley is young, wealthy and liberal, has a wide circle of political friends, who are devoted to his fortunes, and is himself an active political worker. He has discharged his duties as Lieutenant-Governor in a dignified and entirely acceptable manner. The Republican canvass will receive his personal supervision."

#### THE LATEST MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

THE steamer *Robert E. Lee*, known as the *New Lee*, was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour on the morning of September 30th, when off Yucatan Plantation, Louisiana, some thirty-five miles below Vicksburg. The steamer, which was bound for New Orleans with some thirty passengers and a cargo of cotton, was the finest on the Mississippi. She was built from the machinery of the old *Robert E. Lee*, and, like her, was remarkable for great speed, power, model and beauty. The hull was 321 feet long, 38 feet floor, 48½ feet beam and 10 feet hold, with 7 feet steege and a faultless model. The guards were 20 feet wide, with huge hog chains to support the piles of cotton intended to be carried. She had nine boilers, 32 feet long, 42 inches diameter and double flues, and an extra freight-hoisting and captain-working boiler. The main cabin was 265 feet long, with lofty ceiling, spacious halls and of magnificent appearance. She was built to carry a cargo of 1,800 tons, and 7,000 bales of cotton could be easily stowed on board. She had been laid up during the summer months, and was just making her first trip of the business season. During retirement she had received a most thorough overhauling and repainting. She was valued at \$90,000. Her crew list numbered forty-four all told, officers and men, headed by a captain, engineer and steward of the largest experience.

The fire is thought to have originated in the pantry-room, and so rapidly did it spread that in less than five minutes the whole steamer was enveloped in flame, cutting off entirely the escape of many of the passengers and crew. Over twenty lives in all were lost, and some of those who escaped sustained injuries more or less serious. The pilot of the boat, John Stout, displayed a coolness and heroism of the highest order. The moment the alarm was given he headed the steamer for the shore, and then stood firmly at the wheel, although at times the pilot-house was completely surrounded by the hissing flames. Not until the boat had made the shore did he for one minute take his hand from the wheel. He made his escape by the hurricane roof, from there down the hog-chain to the lower deck, and from there went ashore. The casualties occurred among those having berths aft; some of them, however, were rescued after jumping overboard. Those

who succeeded in getting ashore were many of them half-clad, some hatless, others shoeless, and others still with scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness. The boat was burned to the water's edge and sunk at Yucatan Plantation, La., and a few charred timbers and an ugly hulk are all that is left of the magnificent floating palace and champion of the Western waters.

#### THE "VAILED PROPHET" CARNIVAL IN ST. LOUIS.

THE growing popularity of spectacular displays was again illustrated last week in the brilliant success of the fifth annual parade of the "Vailed Prophet," a mystic organization of St. Louis, which occurred on the evening of October 3d. The pageant consisted of twenty-one floats, representing the Voyage Around the World by the Prophet, and illustrating the leading characteristics of the principal nations of Asia, Europe and Africa, and giving special tableaux of American scenes, representing the ballot-box, the Indian on the Plains, life on Southern plantations, and the Western rivers, the whole crowned by fanciful representations of Uncle Sam and the great Prophet himself. The tableaux came more directly within the comprehension of the average citizen than the mythological representations of previous years, and they were cheered to the echo. The illumination of the business centre of the city was simply magnificent. Over 25,000 gas-burners, surrounded by globes of different colors, arranged in arches, straight lines, and clusters, were lighted along Fourth, Fifth, Olive and Walnut Streets, and scores of electric lights were suspended in other streets, the whole making a large part of the city bright as day and rich in color as a rainbow. At the corner of Fifth and Elm Streets a grand display of fireworks was given, which culminated in four push lights, formed by a flight of 200 rockets into the air. These pieces were touched off two at a time, so that nearly 400 rockets were sent up together. Some of the rockets dropped out stars, others snakes and still others sparks, and the effect was beautiful. Two were touched off at the beginning of the parade and the other two at the end. Just as the procession turned into Fifth at Elm Street, a mammoth set piece, 25 by 60 feet, representing the Vailed Prophet, was touched off and the welkin rang with the plaudits of the multitude. As the last of the pageant was passing another set piece, a Maltese cross, 10 by 15 feet, was lit up. The parade was witnessed by the greatest crowd of people ever congregated in the city, a very large proportion of whom were strangers. Later in the evening the annual ball of the Prophet took place in the Merchants' Exchange, which had been transformed into a ballroom of magnificent proportions, and proved a very brilliant affair. Altogether, the anniversary proved by far the most successful which has ever been held.

#### Facts of Interest.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, United States Minister to China, arrived at Peking in the middle of August and at once assumed the duties of his office. His first act of importance was to cause the war-ship *Monocacy* to proceed to Korea to watch events. This was intended in a large degree as an expression of moral sympathy with Japan, even if the Japanese did not prove to be in need of practical support in their unexpected crisis.

THE fruit crop in Scotland this year is a complete failure, the season being the worst known for half a century.

A BOSTON shopkeeper who had an innocent lady arrested on the charge of stealing two gold thumb-rings has been mulcted in \$600, after a long trial in the Supreme Court.

THE first marriage under the new law of Canada, permitting marriage with a wife's sister, has taken place at Cape Breton, N. S. The persons married were Newfoundlanders and had crossed to Canada to be united, as their marriage would be illegal if performed in the colony in which they lived.

IRVING FULLER, a prosperous young farmer of Laurens County, S. C., after a long engagement to Belle Jones, suddenly married another woman, whereupon Miss Jones brought a suit for \$10,000 damages against him, and the jury awarded her \$9,000.

A VICTORIA (B. C.) man who had accumulated a fortune committed the money to the care of his wife, who concealed it in a place known only to herself, and died suddenly not long since without leaving the slightest clue to its whereabouts.

LONDON was never healthier than during the past Summer. The death-rate during July and August was only 13.45 per 1,000, or, in other words, fewer people died in the English metropolis in proportion to its population than in most previous years, and less than in the majority of other towns within the realm.

THE worst Irish bull on record was perpetrated at Indian Orchard, a suburb of Springfield, Mass., recently. Patrick Nolan was carried over the dam and compelled to cling to a rock, in imminent peril, for two hours before a rope could be successfully thrown to him. When he finally got hold of it, he was so nearly crazy that he began tying the rope about his neck, and it was with some difficulty that the rescuers on the shore were able to make him understand that he had better fasten the cord lower down on his body.

FORTY-TWO of the most important lighthouses on the coast of France are to be illuminated by the electric light, \$30,000 having been appropriated to begin the work. The lighthouse of Cape Grizelle is to be the first taken in hand.

THE largest cucumber on record has been raised at Jasper, Ga. It weighed thirty-five pounds.

A NEW ORLEANS boy has invented a harness attachment, by means of which, when a horse starts to run away, the pulling of a strap sets the animal free from the carriage, leaving the occupants in safety.

LONDON has 13,000 cabs, and room for only 3,000 on the stands, so that there must be 10,000 wanderers perpetually endeavoring to elude the police regulation which obliges every cab-driver to either find a place on the stands or have a fare in his cab.

THE number of acres reported in rice in the United States by the census of 1880 was 174,173; the number of pounds produced, 110,131,373 of clean rice, an average product of 632 pounds per acre. The number of acres under cultivation in 1881 was nearly twenty thousand less than in 1880, and the product for 1881 eleven million pounds greater than that of the previous year.

DR. JOHN RAE says that the Esquimaux are not the diminutive race they have been pictured. He is inclined to think that they are fully as tall as the average native of London, and much heavier. The women, when young, he says, are very pleasant-looking, almost pretty, extremely solid and compact, with small feet and hands and well-formed limbs. As to strength, he found that the Esquimaux could lift 400 to 500 pounds with ease.

THERE are fifteen Bessemer steel works in this country, the annual product of which is 2,000,000 tons.

FRENCH enterprise is steadily redeeming the Desert of Sahara by artesian wells. Many have been sunk along the northern border, over 150 in the province of Constantine alone, and the work is advancing into the interior. One of the curious phenomena which the digging of these wells has

brought to notice is the existence of fish and crabs at great depths. The learned engineer, M. Jus, who for twenty years has directed the work, avers that he once boiled and ate a crab which had been drawn up from a depth of 250 feet, and, moreover, it was of an excellent flavor.

OBSERVATIONS made at a concert in England while the hall was lighted by electricity yielded these results: Temperature at beginning, 65 degrees; at the close, 72½ degrees on the floor, 73½ degrees at the top of the organ. Under the ordinary system of lighting by gas it has been found that the temperature has attained a maximum of 120 degrees.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

General Montero, Vice-President of Peru.

Señor Montero, who is at this present moment the Executive power in the Republic of Peru, was born in Arequipa on the 27th of May, 1832, where he spent the early years of his life. Subsequently he removed to Quito, the City of Eternal Spring, and capital of Ecuador, where he concluded his scientific studies. In 1851 he repaired to Lima, where he entered the Naval School, being drafted to *Las Mercedes*, since wrecked at Gama, 800 soldiers having perished with the ship. In 1855 he was given command of the *Reinac*, and in the same year the frigate *Apurimac*. For distinguished services in the latter vessel he was awarded 500,000 pesos and accorded the highest honors. After the revolution he visited Spain, and later on the United States. He was present at the bombardment of Callao, and took an active part in the engagement of the 2d of May, 1866. In 1874 he assisted President Pardo in crushing Perola. For this and other services Congress accorded him the rank of admiral. His exploits during the recent Chilean war are of so recent a date as to require no mention. Congress has elected him Vice-President of the Republic, and he is by far the most notable and solid man Peru has yet produced. He has recently formed a Cabinet at Arequipa, and announced his intention of entering on active negotiations with Bolivia to strengthen the alliance, and in defense of the common interest of the countries, to induce Bolivia to send her army to Peru. It now seems probable that the Peruvian request will be acceded to. Chile has made repeated overtures to Bolivia before and since the capture of Lima for an armistice or permanent peace, endeavoring to detach her from the alliance and to leave Peru still single-handed in the contest, offering to Bolivia many enticing inducements, such as Arica, Tacna and other tidbits of spoils from Peru, but Bolivians are bitterly opposed to any arrangement with Chile until her designs on foreign territory are relinquished. The allied countries may yet give the Chileans a good deal of trouble.

#### Plowing a River-bed in China.

The great population of China makes every available spot valuable, and nothing escapes cultivation that can well be tilled. The rich river bottoms that are at times covered with water, but are at certain times dry, do not escape these thrifty agriculturists. The implements employed are rude enough, and human labor takes the place of the horse or ox. Such a scene as we present is not uncommon, where two human beasts of burden are running a subaqueous furrow.

#### Rev. Dr. Edward B. Pusey.

Rev. Dr. Edward B. Pusey, D. D., Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, whose death occurred on the 16th ult., was long a conspicuous figure in the Church. Born in 1800, he was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated Bachelor of Arts with high honors. He was subsequently elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, and took his degree of Master of Arts. In the year 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, a position to which is attached a canonry at Christ Church. His literary and theological services in the cause of the High Church party of Great Britain are well known. His efforts have tended in a very large degree to produce the most marked and remarkable effects on the cause of Christianity and the churches all over the civilized world. He was one of the earliest and most constant contributors to the *Tracts for the Times*, and defended the main doctrines which these publications were intended to enforce in a variety of letters, pamphlets and newspaper writings. His name has been used, indeed, on account of his ability and zeal, to designate generally the High Churchmen party in religion. He preached a sermon on the subject, "The Holy Eucharist," in the year 1843, in the course of which he came near to an avowal of the Roman Catholic tenet of the Real Presence that he was suspended from the office of preaching before the University of Oxford. He then took up his pen and used it with great vigor for the promulgation of his theological ideas. He published very many works. These included a variety of sermons, adaptations of Roman Catholic books of devotion for the use of the English Established Church, elaborate treatises on baptism, the Eucharist, and marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Dr. Pusey continued his lectures at Oxford until quite recently, and after he had completed his eightieth year. He lived nearly all his life at Oxford. He occupied one of the Canon's houses in Christ Church, and was regarded perhaps with more reverence and affection than any man in the University. Those most opposed to his views were always ready to testify to his saintly life and the singleness of his purposes. He was tall, thin and of ascetic aspect.

#### The late War in Egypt.

The battle of Tel el-Kebir which was speedily followed by the collapse of the Egyptian rebellion, involved a loss to the British of nine officers and forty-five men killed, twenty-two officers and three hundred and twenty men wounded. The latter, with those who had sustained injuries in the fighting at Kassasin Lock, were promptly sent down the Fresh water Canal to the hospital in the Khedive's Palace at Ismailia, where every provision had been made for their comfort. The manner of their removal is shown in our illustration. We also give two illustrations showing the aspect of the European quarter of Alexandria after the incendiary fires of July. The havoc of the flames, especially in the Great Square, where the chief hotels and houses of business were situated, was so great that, on first landing, even the *Times* correspondent, who was well acquainted with the city, could with difficulty make out his whereabouts. "As I walked along," he wrote, "I tried but failed to distinguish one house from another. In a place which I have seen almost daily for seventeen years, I could not even find out the openings of the familiar streets leading to the markets. I could only guess where certain familiar houses had been from their proximity to the statue of Mehmet Ali, which stood alone in the centre." As soon as the British occupied the city, the utmost energy was exerted on all sides to clear away the ruins so far as to make the streets passable, and the evidences of devastation are now rapidly disappearing. The transportation facilities were, for a time, after the landing of the British, very imperfect, and the army officers were obliged to resort to novel expedients in making their journeys. One of them, Sir H. Harvelock Ainslie, while at Ismailia, purchased a trap, and harnessed a pony and camel, tandem fashion. His servant drove the trap full of baggage, while the general himself rode his charger. The turn-out caused a great sensation among the soldiers and residents when he left for the front. Another camel, carrying baggage, completed the procession.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE American Consulate in Tunis has been formally abolished.

—TURKEY is about to evacuate all the disputed places on the Greek frontier.

—THE reduction of the public debt during the month of September amounted to \$14,895,948.

—THE young lady organist in a church at Arlington, Texas, dropped dead while playing the organ on a recent Sunday.

—THE island of Anticosti, in the St. Lawrence River, which contains over 2,000,000 acres, is to be sold at auction in order to settle a lawsuit.

—OF the letters and parcels received at the Dead-letter Office in Washington during the last year, 19,989 contained money, and 24,576 drafts, checks, notes, etc.

—IN the United States Circuit Court, at Utica, an application for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Giteau, has been denied.

—THE farmers of Greenlawn and West Hills, Suffolk County, N. Y., have raised and sold this season 44,375,000 pickles, at \$1 50 per thousand, amounting to \$66,562 50.

—THE knives used by the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park are said to have been found concealed in the rafters of a stable in Dublin.

—THE Irish Exhibition Company has taken steps for the encouragement of Irish manufactures, including a projected scheme for exhibitions in England and the United States.

—THE Flathead Indians began by asking the Government \$1,000,000 for a strip of land through the reservation for the Northern Pacific Railroad, but finally agreed to take \$23,000.

—THE acreage of the peanut crop in Virginia is ten per cent. greater than that of last year, and the yield will be about thirty-five bushels per acre this year, as against twenty-five last season.

—ALL the members of the Williamsport (Pa.) City Council were arrested a few days ago upon the complaint of several property-holders for their failure to keep the streets in a proper condition.

—A CHICAGO newspaper draws a startling picture of the prevalence of intemperance in that city in the statement that over 200 women were arrested at only one police-station in a single month for being drunk.

—PAWTUCKET, R. I., has refused to accept a city charter by a majority of 96 votes. Pawtucket has a population of over 20,000 souls, and is the largest town under town government in the United States.

—A REPORT read before the Pennsylvania Steel Association last week shows that in ten years there has been an increase in the production of steel in the United States from 160,108 tons to 1,778,912 tons.

—THE Hungarian Prime Minister announces that the whole power of the state will be used to suppress the outrages against the Jews. Six hundred Jewish families have left Pressburg on account of the recent riots.

—A BAND of fifteen men captured a railroad train at Granada, Col., a few nights ago, and rifled the express car of \$5,500, but were prevented from reaching the passengers by some sheriffs who happened to be on board.

—THERE were 8,366,000 bushels of salt made in the Onondaga (N. Y.) reservation during the fiscal year ended September 30th, being 732,000 bushels more than the previous year and the largest production of any year since 1871.

—A PHILADELPHIA surgeon recently transplanted a piece of membrane from the eye of a rabbit into that of a young man whose sight had been injured by sulphuric acid, and the operation promises to prove entirely successful.

—A PHILADELPHIA thief, who was shot by an officer, while trying to escape, a few weeks ago, has died from a wound in the back like that which killed Garfield, and was attended by Dr. Agnew, who was one of the President's physicians.

—A PASSENGER on the Erie Railway came to his death in a singular way a few days ago. A car window fell, striking him on the elbow. He remarked to a fellow-passenger that he was hurt, and, leaning back in his seat, died almost instantly.

—MUCH complaint is made of the uncleanly condition of Westminster Abbey since Dean Stanley's death. The abolition of fees for viewing the chapel makes the presence of visitors distasteful to the attendants, who are said to consider the coming of strangers a personal affront.

—THE Post Office Department has discovered that many postmasters are swindling the Government by ordering large amounts of stamps and then reporting sales far below the actual figures, in order to secure the use of the money in their private business until it becomes convenient to make a full statement.

—AN Ottawa dispatch says that the formation of two new Provinces in the Northwest has been decided upon by the Government. One will be Qu'Appelle, with Regina as its capital and Mr. Dowdney as its Lieutenant Governor. The other will be Saskatchewan, the capital for which has not yet been decided upon.

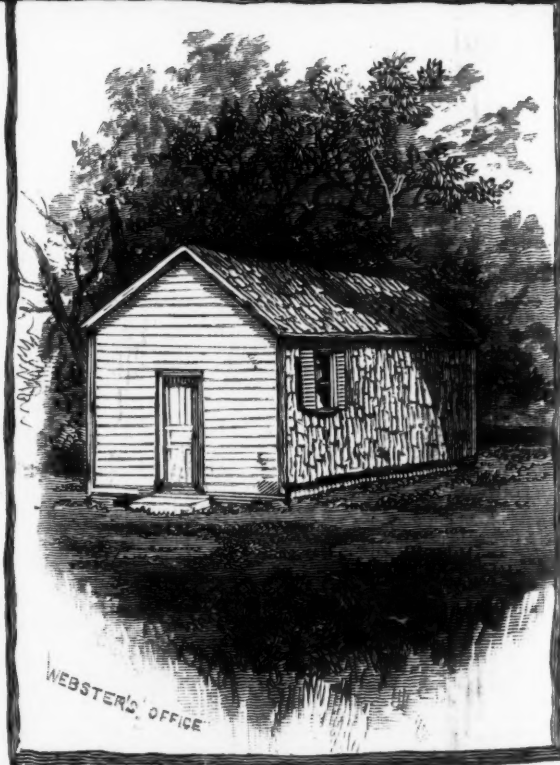
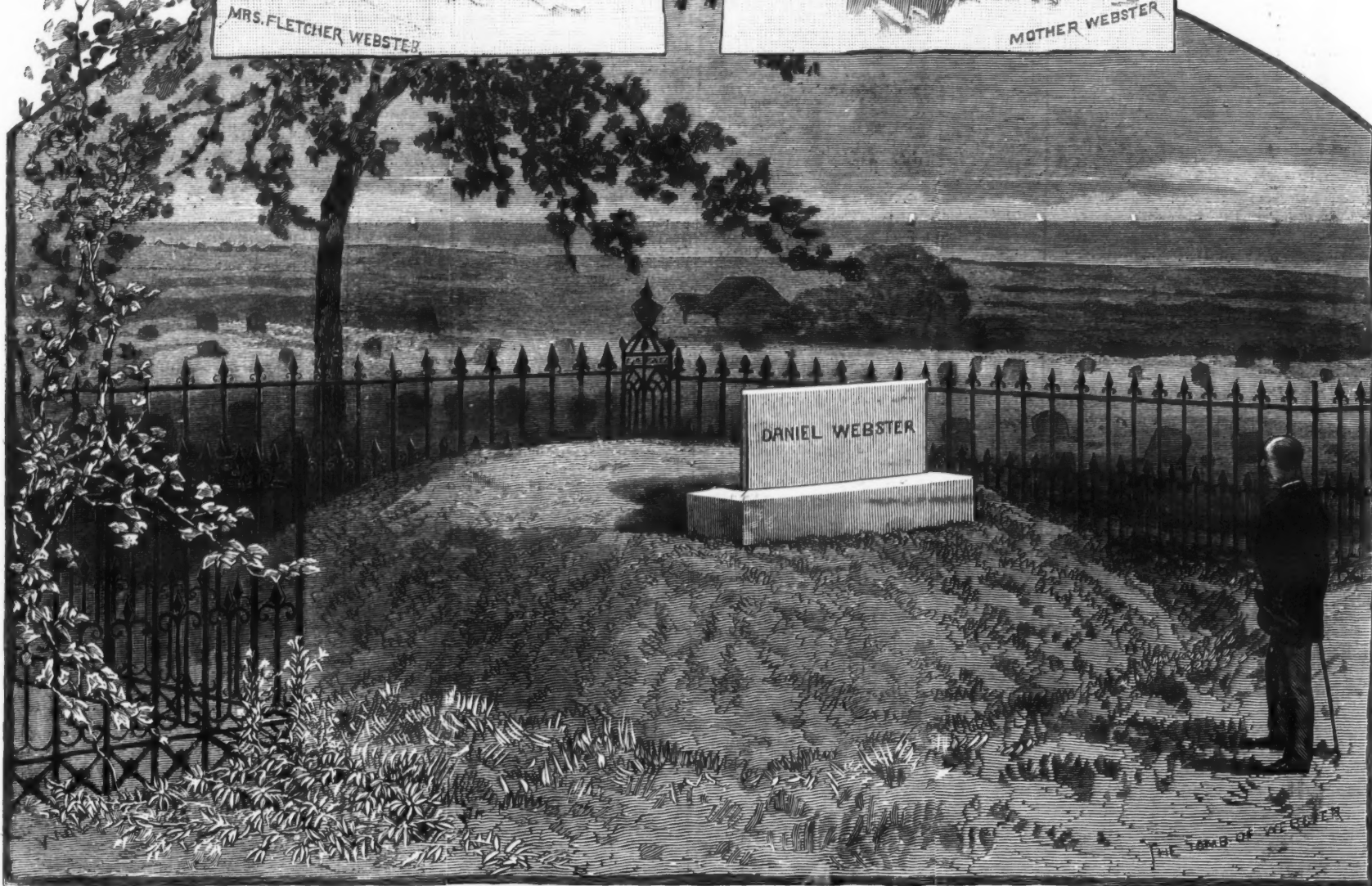
—BAKER PASHA has presented to the Khedive a scheme for the reorganization of the Egyptian army, a portion of which shall consist of gendarmes, probably to be recruited from the Albanians. The scheme provides for the formation of municipal police for the towns, to be drawn from the most trustworthy native elements.

—THE keeper of Bird Rock Light, in the Gulf of Newfoundland, and his party of ten persons, nearly starved to death recently. Their telegraphic communication with the shore was broken, and their boat smashed, so that they could not establish connection with the mainland, and they had been without bread for twelve days, when a passing steamer relieved them.

—A FROG was found frozen in the middle of a 250 pound cake of ice at New London, Conn., a few days ago, but after lying for a few moments in a pail of water it showed signs of life and was soon very lively. The ice in which the frog was imprisoned was cut last February, so that it must have been frozen for nearly seven months.

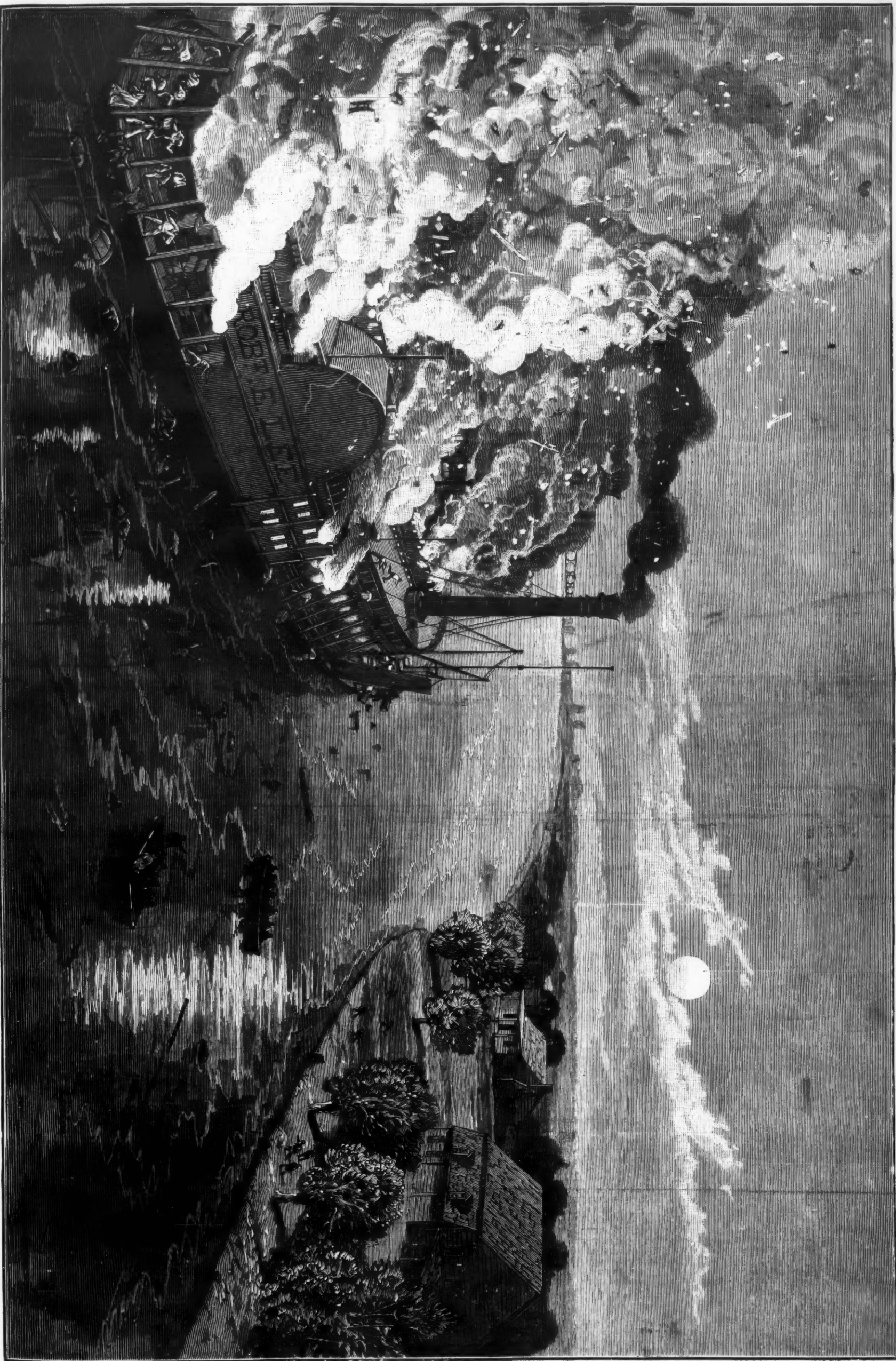
—THE seventy-third annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in Portland, Me., last week. During the past year the sum of \$614,456 was expended in the work of the Board abroad, and there was a net gain of 26 missionaries, 23 native churches, an addition of 1,700 members on profession of faith, an increase of \$0 in the number of native pastors and preachers; 17 high schools and seminaries, with an attendance of 1,000 pupils, and a gain of 1,500 pupils in the common schools. The whole number of laborers in the mission fields sent from this country is 456, and of native laborers 1,912; a total of 2,368. During the annual meeting, large contributions were made in aid of the Board's work.





MASSACHUSETTS.—THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL AT MARSHFIELD, OCTOBER 12TH—SCENES AT THE HISTORIC HOMESTEAD.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 118.





LOUISIANA.—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "NEW LEE" OFF YUCATAN PLANTATION, SEPTEMBER 30TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.



## MECCA.

THRO' sand-blown deserts, where the winds are death,  
Men press to see the mosques of Ma'homet rise;  
Nor grudge their wearied limbs, their failing breath,  
If to their raptur'd eyes

The sacred city gleam. Forgot the thirst—  
The pain-pierced feet—the white sand's level glare,  
When they may hear the holy muezzin burst  
On minaret-penciled air.

And I—thro' doubt, thro' wearyings manifold—  
Shall set my feet within the holy place,  
If in God's hour accomplished I behold  
The guerdon of thy face!

Will the day dawn when I shall count as naught  
The desert spaces of my lonely years?  
When, in the temple where my steps be brought,  
Thy look shall banish tears? H. T. O.

## HEART AND SCIENCE:

A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XXV.

ON the twelfth of August, Carmina heard from Ovid again. He wrote from Montreal, describing the presentation of that letter of introduction which he had once been tempted to destroy. In the consequences that followed the presentation—apparently harmless consequences at the time—the destinies of Ovid, of Carmina and of Benjulia, proved to be seriously involved.

Ovid's letter was thus expressed:

"I want to know, my love, if there is any other man in the world who is as fond of his darling as I am of you? If such a person exists, and if adverse circumstances compel him to travel, I should like to ask a question. Is he perpetually calling to mind forgotten things, which he ought to have said to his sweetheart before he left her?

"This is my case. Let me give you an instance.

"I have made a new friend here—one Mr. Morpew. Last night he was so kind as to invite me to a musical entertainment at his house. He is a medical man; and he amuses himself in his leisure hours by playing on that big and dreary member of the family of fiddles, whose name is violoncello. Assisted by friends, he hospitably cools his guests, in the hot season, by the amateur performance of quartets. My dear, I passed a delightful evening. Listening to the music? Not listening to a single note of it. Thinking of You.

"Have I roused your curiosity? I fancy I can see your eyes brighten; I fancy I can hear you telling me to go on!

"My thoughts reminded me that music is one of the enjoyments of your life. Before I went away, I ought to have remembered this, and to have told you that the manager of the Autumn concerts at the opera-house is an old friend of mine. He will be only too glad to place a box at your disposal on any night when his programme attracts your notice; I have already made amends for my forgetfulness by writing to him by this mail. Miss Minerva will be your companion at the theatre. If Mr. Le Frank (who is sure to be on the free list; pays you a visit in your box, tell him for me to put a wig on his bald head, and to try if that will make him look like an honest man!

"Did I forget anything else before my departure? Did I tell you how precious you are to me! how beautiful you are to me! how entirely worthless my life is without you? I dare say I did; but I tell it all over again—and when you are tired of the repetition, you have only to let me know.

"In the meanwhile, have I nothing else to say—have I no traveling adventures to relate? You insist on hearing of everything that happens to me; and you are to have your own way before we are married, as well as after. My sweet Carmina, your willing slave has something more serious than common traveling adventures to relate—he has a confession to make. In plain words, I have been practicing my profession again, in the City of Montreal!

"I wonder whether you will forgive me when you are informed of the circumstances? It is a sad little story; but I am vain enough to think that my part in it will interest you. I have been a vain man since that brightest and best of all possible days when you first made your confession—when you said that you loved me.

"Look back in my letter, and you will see Mr. Morpew mentioned as a new friend of mine in Canada. I became acquainted with him through a letter of introduction given to me by Benjulia.

"Say nothing to anybody of what I am now going to tell you—and be especially careful, if you happen to see him, to keep Benjulia in the dark. I sincerely hope you will not see him. He is a hard-hearted man—and he might say something which would shock you, if he knew of the result which has followed his opening to me the door of his friend's house.

"Mr. Morpew is a worthy, busy old gentleman, who follows his professional routine, and whose medical practice consists principally in bringing infant Canadians into the world. His services happened to be especially in request at the time when I made his acquaintance. He was called away from his table, on the day after the musical party, when I dined with him. I was the only guest—and his wife left to entertain me.

"The good lady began by speaking of Benjulia. She roundly declared him to be a brute—and she produced my letter of introduction

(closed by the doctor's own hand, before he gave it to me) as a proof. Would you like to read the letter, too? Here is a copy: 'The man who brings this is an overworked doctor, named Ovid Vere. He wants rest and good air. Don't encourage him to use his brains; and give him information enough to take him, by the shortest way, to the biggest desert in Canada.' You will now understand that I am indebted to myself for the hospitable reception which has detained me at Montreal.

"To return to my story. Mr. Morpew's services were again in request ten minutes after he had left the house. This time the patient was a man, and the messenger declared that he was at the point of death.

"Mrs. Morpew seemed to be at a loss what to do. 'In this dreadful case,' she said, 'death is a mercy. What I cannot bear to think of is the poor man's lonely position. In his last moments there will not be a living creature at his bedside.'

"Hearing this, I ventured to make some inquiries. The answers painted such a melancholy picture of poverty and suffering, and so vividly reminded me of a similar case in my own experience, that I forgot I was an invalid myself, and volunteered to visit the dying man in Mr. Morpew's place.

"The messenger led me to the poorest quarter of the city, and to a garret in one of the wretchedest houses in the street. There he lay, without any one to nurse him, on a mattress on the floor. What his malady was, you will not ask to know. I will only say that any man but a doctor would have run out of the room the moment he entered it. To save him was impossible. For a few days longer I could keep pain in subjection, and could make death easy when it came.

"At my next visit he was able to speak.

"I discovered that he was a member of my own profession—a mulatto, from the Southern States of America, by birth. The one fatal event of his life had been his marriage. Every worst offense of which a bad woman can be guilty his vile wife had committed—and his infatuated love clung to her through it all. She had disgraced and ruined him. Not once, but again and again he had forgiven her, under circumstances which degraded him in his own estimation, and in the estimation of his best friends. On the last occasion when she left him he had followed her to Montreal. In a fit of drunken frenzy, she had freed him from her at last by self-destruction. Her death affected his reason. When he was discharged from the asylum, he spent his last miserable savings in placing a monument over her grave. As long as his strength held out he made daily pilgrimages to the cemetery. And now, when the shadow of death was darkening over him, his one motive for clinging to life, his one reason for vainly entreating me to cure him, still centred in devotion to the memory of his wife. 'Nobody will take care of her grave,' he said, 'when I am gone.'

"My love, I have always thought fondly of you. After hearing this miserable story, my heart overflowed with gratitude to God for giving me Carmina.

"He died yesterday. His last words implored me to have him buried in the same grave with the woman who had dishonored him. Who am I that I should judge him? Besides, I shall fulfil his last wishes as a thank-offering for you.

"There is still something more to tell.

"On the day before his death he asked me to open an old portmanteau—literally, the one thing that he possessed. He had no money left, and no clothes. In a corner of the portmanteau there was a roll of paper, tied with a piece of string—and that was all.

"I can make you but one return," he said; "I give you my book."

"He was too weak to tell me what the book was about, or to express any wish relative to its publication. I am ashamed to say I set no sort of value on the manuscript presented to me—except as a memorial of a sad incident in my life. Waking earlier than usual this morning, I opened my gift, and examined it for the first time.

"To my amazement, I found myself rewarded a hundredfold for the little that I had been able to do. This unhappy man must have been possessed of abilities which (under favoring circumstances) would, I don't hesitate to say, have ranked him among the greatest physicians of our time. The language in which he writes is obscure, and sometimes grammatically incorrect. But he, and he alone, has solved a problem in the treatment of brain disease which has thus far been the despair of medical men throughout the whole civilized world.

"If a stranger was looking over my shoulder, he would be inclined to say, 'This curious lover writes to his young lady as if she were a medical colleague.' We understand each other, Carmina, don't we? My future career is an object of interest to my future wife. This poor fellow's gratitude has opened new prospects to me; and who will be so glad to hear of it as you?

"Before I close my letter, you will expect me to say a word more about my health. Sometimes I feel well enough to take my cabin in the next vessel that sails for Liverpool. But there are other occasions, particularly when I happen to over-exert myself in walking or riding, which warn me to be careful and patient. My next journey will take me inland to the mighty plains and forests of this grand country. When I have breathed the health-giving air of those regions, I shall be able to write definitely of the blessed future day which is to unite us once more.

"My mother has, I suppose, given her usual conversation at the end of the season. Let me hear how you like the scientific people at close quarters, and let me give you a useful hint. When you meet in society with a particularly positive man, who looks as if he was sitting for his photograph, you may safely set that man down as a professor.

"Seriously, I do hope that you and my mother get on well together. You say too little of each other in your letters to me, and I am sometimes troubled by misgivings. There is another odd circumstance connected with our correspondence which sets me wondering. I always send messages to Miss Minerva; and Miss Minerva never sends any messages back to me. Do you forget? or am I an object of perfect indifference to your friend?

"My latest news of you all is from Zoe. She has sent me a letter in one of the envelopes that I directed for her when I went away. Miss Minerva's hair would stand on end if she could see the blots and the spelling. Zoe's account of the family circle (turned into intelligible English), will, I think, personally interest you. Here it is, in its own Roman brevity: 'Except pa and Carmina, we are a bad lot at home.' After that, I can add nothing that is worth reading.

"Take the kisses, my angel, that I leave for you on the blank morsel of paper below, and love me as I love you. There is a world of meaning, Carmina, even in those commonplace words. Oh, if I could only go to you by the mail steamer in the place of my letter!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE answers to Ovid's questions were not to be found in Carmina's reply. She was unwilling to tell him what had happened at the conversation; and she shrank from writing to him of his mother. Her true position in Mrs. Gallilee's house—growing, day by day, harder and harder to endure; threatening, more and more plainly, complications and perils to come—was revealed in her next letter to her old friend in Italy. She wrote to Teresa in these words:

"If you love me, forget the inhuman manner in which I have spoken of Miss Minerva!

"After I had written to you, I would have recalled my letter, if it could have been done. I began, that evening, to feel ashamed of what I had said in my anger. As the hours went on, and bedtime approached, I became so wretched that I ran the risk of another harsh reception, by intruding on her once more. It was a circumstance in my favor that she was, to all appearance, in bad spirits, too. There was something in her voice, when she asked what I wanted, which made me think—though she looks like the last person in the world to be guilty of such weakness—that she had been crying.

"I gave the best expression I could to my feelings of repentance and regret. What I actually said to her has slipped out of my memory; I was frightened and upset—and I am always stupid in that condition. My attempt at reconciliation may have been clumsy enough; but she might surely have seen that I had no intention to mystify and distress her. And yet, what else could she have imagined, to judge by her own actions and words.

"Her bedroom candle was on the table behind me. She snatched it up and held it before my face, and looked at me as if I was some extraordinary object that she had never seen or heard of before! 'You are little better than a child,' she said; 'I have ten times your strength of will—what is there in you that I can't resist? Go away from me! Be on your guard against me! I am false; I am suspicious; I am cruel. You simpleton, have you no instincts to protect you? Is there nothing in you that shrinks from me?'

"She put down the candle, and burst into a wretched mocking laugh. 'There she stands,' cried this strange creature, 'and looks at me with the eyes of a baby that sees something new. I can't frighten her. I can't disgust her. What does it mean?' She dropped into a chair; her voice sank almost to a whisper—I should have thought she was afraid of me, if such a thing had been possible. 'What do you know of me that I don't know of myself?' she asked. 'It was quite beyond me to understand what she meant. I took a chair and sat down by her. 'I only know what you said to me yesterday,' I answered.

"What did I say?"

"You told me you were miserable."

"I told you a lie! Believe what I have said to you to-day. In your own interests, believe it to be the truth!"

"Nothing would induce me to believe it. 'No,' I said. 'You were miserable yesterday, and you are miserable to-day. That is the truth!'

"What put my next bold words into my head, I don't know. It doesn't matter; the thought was in me—and out it came.

"You have some burden on your mind," I went on. "If I can't relieve you of it, I can help you to bear it. Come! tell me what it is." I waited; but it was of no use—she never even looked at me. 'Are you in love?' I asked.

"She jumped up from her chair so suddenly and so violently that she threw it on the floor. Still, not a word passed her lips. I found courage enough to go on—but not courage enough to look at her.

"I love Ovid, and Ovid loves me," I said. 'There is my consolation, whatever my troubles may be. Are you not so fortunate? Do you love somebody who doesn't love you?'

"She turned her back on me, and went to the toilet-table. I think she looked at herself in the glass. 'Well,' she said, speaking to me at last, 'what else?'

"Nothing else," I answered, 'except that I hope I have not offended you?'

"She left the glass as suddenly as she had approached it, and took up the candle again. Once more she held it so that it lit my face.

"Guess who he is," she said.

"How can I do that?" I asked.

"She quietly put down the candle again. In some way, quite incomprehensible to myself, I seemed to have relieved her. She spoke to me in a changed voice, gently and sadly.

"You are the best of good girls, and you

mean kindly. It's no use—you can do nothing. Forgive my insolence yesterday; I was mad with envy of your happy marriage engagement. You don't understand such a nature as mine. So much the better! ah, so much the better! Good-night.'

"There was such hopeless submission and self-abandonment in those words, that I could not find it in my heart to leave her. I thought of how I might have behaved, of the wild things I might have said, if Ovid had cared nothing for me. All that had bewildered and angered me in her conduct was explained now! What could I do to encourage her? Your last letter, with our old priest's inclosure, was in my pocket. I took it out.

"Would you mind reading a short letter," I said, 'before we wish each other good-night?' I held out the priest's letter.

"She drew back with a dark look; she appeared to have some suspicion of it. 'Who is the writer?' she inquired, sharply.

"A person who is a stranger to you."

"Her face cleared directly. She took the letter from me, and waited to hear what I had to say next. 'The person,' I told her, 'is a wise and good old man—the priest who married my father and mother, and baptized me. We all of us used to consult Father Patrizio, when we wanted advice. My nurse Teresa felt anxious about me in Ovid's absence; she spoke to him of my exile—forgive me for using the word!—in this house, and owned that she was uneasy about me. He said he would consider before he gave her his opinion. The next day, he sent her the letter which you have got in your hand.'

"There, I came to a full stop, having something yet to say, and not knowing how to express myself with the necessary delicacy.

"Why do you wish me to read this letter?" she asked, quietly.

"I think there is something in it which might—"

"There, like a fool, I came to another full stop. She was as patient as ever; she only made a little sign to me to go on.

"I think Father Patrizio's letter might put you in a better frame of mind," I said; 'it might keep you from despising yourself.'

"She went back to her chair and read the letter. You have permitted me to keep the comforting words of the good father, among my other treasures. I copy his letter for you in this place—so that you may read it again, and see what I had in my mind, and understand how it affected poor Miss Minerva.

"Teresa, my well-beloved friend—I have considered the anxieties that trouble you, with this result: that I can do my best, conscientiously, to quiet your mind. I have had the experience of forty years in the duties of the priesthood. In that long time the innermost secrets of thousands of men and women have been confided to me. From such means of observation I have drawn many useful conclusions, and some of them may be also useful to you. I will put what I have to say in the plainest and fewest words; consider them carefully on your side. The growth of the better nature, in men, is perfected by many influences. The growth of the better nature, in women, is perfected by one influence—and that influence is Love. Are you surprised that a priest should write in this way? Did you expect me to say Religion? Love, my sister, is Religion in women. It opens their hearts to all that is good for them, and it acts independently of the conditions of human happiness. A miserable woman, tormented by hopeless love, is still the better and the nobler for that love; and a time will surely come when she will show it. You have fears for Carmina—cast away, poor soul, among strangers with hard hearts. I tell you to have no fears. She may suffer under trials; she may sink under trials. But the strength to rise again is in her—and that strength is Love.'

"Having read our old friend's letter, Miss Minerva turned back and read it again—and waited a little, repeating some part of it to herself. 'Does it encourage you?' I asked.

"She handed the letter back to me. 'I have got one sentence in it by heart,' she said.

"You will know what that sentence is without my telling you. I felt so relieved when I saw the change in her for the better—I was so inexpressibly happy in the conviction that we were as good friends again as ever—that I bent down to kiss her on saying good-night.

"She put up her hand and stopped me. 'No,' she said, 'not till I have done something to deserve it. You are more in need of help than you think. Stay here a little longer; I have a word to say to you about your aunt.'

"I returned to my chair, feeling a little startled. Her eyes rested on me absently—she was, as I imagined, considering with herself before she spoke. I refrained from interrupting her thoughts. The night was still and dark. Not a sound reached our ears from without. In the house the silence was softly broken by a rustling movement on the stairs. It came nearer. The door was opened suddenly. Mrs. Gallilee entered the room.

"What folly possessed me? Why was I frightened? I really could not help it—I screamed. My aunt walked straight up to me without taking the smallest notice of Miss Minerva. 'What are you doing here when you ought to be in your bed?' she asked.

"She spoke in such an imperative manner—with such authority and such contempt—that I looked at her in astonishment. Some suspicion seemed to be roused in her by finding me and Miss Minerva together.

"No more gossip!" she called out, sternly. 'Do you hear me? Go to bed!'

"Was it not enough to rouse anybody? I felt my pride burning in my face. 'Am I a child, or a servant?' I said. 'I shall go to bed early or late as I please.'

"She took one step forward; she seized me by the arm and forced me to my feet. Think of it, Teresa! In all my life I have never had a hand laid on me except in kindness. Who knows it better than you! I tried vainly to



“I saw Miss Minerva rise to interfere—I heard her say ‘Mrs. Gallilee, you forget yourself!’ Somehow, I got out of the room. On the landing, a dreadful fit of trembling shook me from head to foot. I sank down on the stairs. At first, I thought I was going to faint. No; I shook and shivered, but I kept my senses. I could hear their voices in the room.”

“Mrs. Gallilee began. ‘Did you tell me just now that I had forgotten myself?’

“Miss Minerva answered, ‘Certainly, madam. You did forget yourself!’

“The next words escaped me. After that they grew louder; and I heard them again—my aunt first.

“‘I am dissatisfied with your manner to me, Miss Minerva. It has latterly altered very much for the worse.’

“‘In what respect, Mrs. Gallilee?’

“‘In this respect. Your way of speaking to me implies an assertion of equality.’

“‘Stop a minute, madam! I am not so rich as you are. But I am at a loss to know in what other way I am not your equal. Did you assert your superiority—may I ask—when you came into my room without first knocking at the door?’

“‘Miss Minerva! Do you wish to remain in my service?’

“‘Say employment Mrs. Gallilee—if you please. I am quite indifferent in the matter. I am equally ready, at your entire convenience, to stay or to go.’

“Mrs. Gallilee’s voice sounded nearer, as if she was approaching the door. ‘I think we arranged,’ she said, ‘that there was to be a month’s notice on either side, when I first engaged you.’

“‘Yes—at my suggestion.’

“‘Take your month’s notice, if you please.’

“‘Dating from to-morrow.’

“‘Of course!’

“My aunt came out and found me on the stairs. I tried to rise. It was not to be done. My head turned giddy. She must have seen that I was quite prostrate—and yet she took no notice of the state I was in. Cruel, cruel creature! she accused me of listening.

“‘Can’t you see that the poor girl is ill?’

“‘It was Miss Minerva’s voice. I looked round at her, feeling fainter and fainter. She stooped; I felt her strong, sinewy arms round me; she lifted me gently. ‘I’ll take care of you,’ she whispered—and carried me downstairs to my room, as easily as if I had been a child.

“‘I must rest, Teresa. The remembrance of that dreadful night brings it all back again. Don’t be anxious about me, my old dear! You shall hear more to-morrow.’”

(To be continued.)

#### ITALIANS AS RAILWAY-BUILDERS. SCENES ON THE WEST SHORE ROAD.

THE typical railroad-builder of a few years ago was a newly-arrived Irish immigrant, ready to do hard work for moderate pay. Of late there has been a marked change, and the representatives of the Green Isle have been largely supplanted in this work by the sons of Italy. So complete has been the transformation, that the Superintendent of Castle Garden recently remarked: “The Italian is the railroad-builder of to-day, as the Irishman was a generation ago.” The immigration from Italy has steadily grown for several years past, and a large proportion of the new-comers have speedily found work upon the many lines of railroad which are being constructed all over the country. The new line along the West Shore of the Hudson River, the New York, West Shore and Buffalo, has been largely built by Italians. This road involves some of the most difficult work ever encountered by railroad-builders in this part of the country, finding its way, as it does, for miles along the Palisades, and requiring an immense amount of blasting, filling and leveling to secure a road-bed. The hands employed along the line have been almost entirely immigrants from Italy, a force of 1,200 being kept at work on a single stretch of the road. The men have in many cases been accompanied by wives and children, and the scene presented in one of their camps among the lofty peaks where they are employed might for the moment make the observer question if he had not been suddenly transported across the ocean into the mountains of Italy. The diet and the customs are those of their old-world home; the feast of macaroni, eaten with the implements which nature provides, is relished with national gusto; the baby is bound in the traditional rude apology for a cradle; and all hands are huddled together in crowded quarters with a cheerful abandon. The occasional loiterer who may be encountered will very likely wear the air and be clothed in the garb of the typical brigand, and the whole aspect of the colony suggests a veritable bit of Italy itself. The foreign element of the scene becomes even more marked when the day’s work is over, and the camp is abandoned to the pleasures of the evening’s leisure. The Italians, as a class, prove serviceable workmen, are content to live on meagre fare, and easily endure the hardships inseparable from their life. They are generally tractable, although they occasionally catch the infection of strikes, and then a mob of the excited foreigners is an ugly sight. The sketches elsewhere presented furnish a clear idea of the scenes and sights in this peculiar colony.

#### THE NEW COMET.

THE comet which was recently discovered has already established its reputation as one of the most remarkable of such visitors on record. Astronomers are not agreed as to whether it is identical with the great comet of 1843 and 1880, as some observations seem to imply, but they all concur in declaring it the most brilliant and beautiful comet which has been visible in this hemisphere for a score of years. Indeed, some people who remember the famous comet of 1858 declare that the present one, although not so long, is brighter and more beautiful. The celestial visitor is now to be seen at its best about four o’clock in the morning, and there has been of late a large addition to the number of early risers on its account. Although nobody fancies getting out of bed at such an unearthly hour, every one who has made the sacrifice agrees that the spectacle well repays the trouble. The change in color which the comet undergoes as it rises is one of the most interesting features of the sight. When its head is just clear of the horizon, it shines with a reddish, flickering light, the upper part of the tail being light yellow. As the morning twilight begins to appear, and the comet gets above the mists, all trace of redness disappears, and the head exhibits a clear white light, while the tail assumes a silvery hue. The remarkably sharp outlines of the tail, which the

astronomers say is 50,000,000 miles long, attracts the attention of all observers. The southern or lower edge is brighter than the outer one, towards which it fades off, giving the appearance of a gigantic feather. At times faint flashes seem to extend for some distance beyond the end of the tail. The telescope shows a mass of nebulous matter surrounding the head, appearing to be banked up in front and parting and flowing back on each side to form the tail, as if the comet were plowing its way through a luminous sea, leaving a great wake of light behind. But, in fact, it is moving away from the sun, tail first, showing that the tail is the result of some repulsive force exerted by the sun, which drives the material of the tail ahead of the solid nucleus. This nucleus separated last week into three unequal fragments, the largest being estimated at 15,000 miles in length, and the spaces between the fragments at not less than 2,000 miles. The disturbance, however, makes no difference in the appearance of the comet to the naked eye. The comet will be seen at its best only a few days longer, and it is a sight which well repays the discomfort involved in keeping company with its unconventional hours. Our illustration depicts the celestial visitor as seen a few mornings since by our artist in the upper part of this city.

#### THE LEAGUE BASEBALL CHAMPIONS.

WE give on page 125 a group of portraits of the Chicago Baseball Team of 1882, who have just won the National League championship after a contest unequalled in closeness and interest. More than ever before in the history of baseball the eight clubs comprising the National League for 1882 have been evenly matched, and not until the very last game had been played was the result of the season’s contest definitely determined. It is a fact worthy of note that the eleven players of the Chicago Club of 1882 are the identical eleven who won the championship in 1880 and 1881. This year the Chicago had as their most formidable competitors the Providence Club, while Buffalo, Boston, Cleveland and Detroit were, in the order named, close up at the finish. Baseball may now be regarded as distinctively the American national game—what cricket is to England—and it is a healthy sign of the times that the purity and popularity of the sport have increased in equal proportions. The President of the Chicago Club is Mr. A. G. Spalding, who has filled the position most honorably and faithfully. To him, more than to any other member of the Baseball League, belongs the credit of raising baseball to its present eminently respectable standing.

#### Lawyers and Editors in Japan.

SOCIETY in the Japanese capital has been much perturbed by a bitter feud between the newspaper editors and the native lawyers. In an evil hour the editor of the leading journal, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, delivered his soul of a diatribe against lawyers in general. He aspersed their motives, declared them selfish and mercenary in all their dealings, and, in short, held up the profession to public reprobation. The gentlemen of the long robe, nothing loath, accepted the challenge, and for six long months the battle raged. Motions and counter-motions were made in court after court of the empire. By a *tour de force* the editor, who was at first unable to obtain the services of a single lawyer, brought over to his own side the individual who led the van of his opponents. The fight now became more even, and was ultimately settled by the editor explaining that his words were to be understood in a Pickwickian sense. In the course of the contest another editor assailed one of the lawyers, and was rewarded for pains by an action, in which the plaintiff claimed \$15,000,000 damages, with the alternative of a letter of apology in every newspaper in Japan, or that the defendant, arrayed in a penitent’s garb, should kneel for 100 days before the plaintiff’s house or in a frequented thoroughfare. The court declined to accept either of the plaintiff’s suggestions; it found the editor guilty of libel and fined him \$5, with twenty days’ imprisonment.

#### Milton’s Bible.

A BRISTOL (England) bookseller catalogued a Bible which is assumed to have belonged to John Milton. It is a thick, rough calf quarto volume, being the Royal Version, Cambridge, 1637, and includes the Apocrypha. On the margin of the page containing the fourteenth chapter of First Maccabees is what appears to be an inscription of seventeenth century date: “Mr. Hartlibe to Mr. Milton sendeth the 12 books of the Greecian volumes, & is obliged to him. Oct. the 17. 1640. London.” Hartlibe’s friendship with the poet is well known, the “Tractate of Education,” 1644, being addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. On the opposite margin of the same page, but in a different handwriting, and apparently that of the great poet, is the following:

When that day of Death shall come,  
then shall nightly shades prevail—  
some shall Love and Music fall—  
some ye fresh turtles tender Blade  
shall flourish ore my sleeping shade.

J. MILTONIUS.

M. A. C. Coll.

Under these lines is a pen-and-ink outline portrait in profile, and below is written “Myself, 1640.” On the margin of the opening page of Second Maccabees is the following manuscript note, beginning opposite the eighteenth verse: “London—perhaps ye reason why the Persians worship fire to this day, 1639,” this inference being drawn from the purification of the Temple, as explained in that verse, being conjoined with a command to keep the feast of tabernacles “and of the fire.” On the title of the New Testament is “John Milton, 16. A. M. 40.” This Bible in 1638 belonged to “Jane Benby,” in 1662 to “Wm. Lumley,” in 1716 to “Dr. Todd,” in 1744 to (General) “Lottice Todd,” and then passed to the family of Gainsford, of Gainsford. Lewis Gainsford has written an account of the family on one of the fly-leaves, and sketched their arms. He joined the “True Christians,” or Quakers, in 1775, and died insane. A former owner has had the volume lettered on the back “Holy Bible, e Libris Johannis Milton.”

#### The Vineyards of California.

THE increase in the size of California vineyards is remarkable. Four years ago a plantation of 200 acres was considered a very large vineyard. Now vineyards of 500 to 600 acres are common, and there has this year been planted one of 1,500 acres near Los Angeles. An experienced viticulturist gives it as his opinion that before three years California will have vineyards of 5,000 to 6,000 acres each. The present total number of acres under vines, he conjectures, is about 100,000, all of which will be bearing four years from now, with a possible production of 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons yearly. The price of wines at the vineyards varies according to quality of grapes and the location of production. Must, or new wines, four months after vintage, sells at twenty cents to fifty cents a gallon for dry wines, red or white. Sweet wines at the cellars range from fifty-five cents to seventy-five cents a gallon. To this must be added six cents to six and one-half cents a gallon for the cask holding the wine.

The price in the city is the same, with freight charges added. Last year’s vintage produced 9,000,000 gallons, but more than one-third was destroyed through frosts.

There is no recent improvement in the art of making wine or in wine-making machinery. The outlook for the next year’s crop is very good; but last year’s prices for grapes will not be maintained, for the reason that the cellars of San Francisco are full, and prices in the Atlantic States are too low for transportation thither.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Sydney, New South Wales, is to have in its lighthouse an electric light, the merging beam of which is to possess a luminous intensity of more than 12,000,000 candles.

Recent Discoveries in Indiana give a much more recent date to the mastodon than has been generally assigned. In one skeleton the marrow of the huge bones was still capable of use, and the kidney fat was replaced by lumps of adipocere. In another, found in Illinois, there was every evidence that it had lived upon the vegetation of the present day—upon the grasses and herbs that now grow in the vicinity.

Dieulafoy found in one cubic centimetre of Dead Sea water enough lithia to show the spectrum of this substance at least a thousand times. The same water contains also so much boracic acid that it can be practically recognized in the residue from a single cubic centimetre of the water. Hence he infers that the present waters of the Dead Sea are the residues of the evaporation of an inland sea analogous to the Caspian or the Kara Bosphaz.

It is Generally Supposed that flies adhere to ceilings and perpendicular walls by virtue of some sucking property of the feet. In a communication to the Berlin Society of Natural History, Herr Derwitz presents some facts which seem to disprove the theory and make it appear probable that this power is due rather to a sticky matter which may be seen under the microscope to exude from a fly’s feet when walking with its body downward.

Two Microscopes, called the “Jumbo” and the “Midget,” formed an interesting exhibit at a recent meeting of a London society. The former instrument, probably made about half a century ago, was 4½ feet high and weighed 125 pounds, while the “Midget,” fully equipped for work, had a total height of only four inches, and weighed but a few ounces. Six such microscopes as the smaller one could be inclosed in the eyepiece of the larger.

Professor Ray Lankester has made some experiments upon the artificial propagation of the sponge which show that a sponge, cut into small pieces, will form independent masses of growth. Each piece was sunk in a suitable locality in salt water, when it was found that it grew into a well-formed sponge in about seven years. One condition of success was that the pieces must be left in open, unprotected beds where the natural food of the sponge was not withheld.

M. R. Zeiller has made an examination of the fossil carboniferous flora of Tongking. The species found resolve themselves into two groups; the one consisting of forms which have been long ago met with in Europe, whilst the other comprises specific types peculiar to India, Australia and South Africa. It appears that in the carboniferous epoch there must have been two great and very distinct botanical regions, and the south of Asia marks their region of union.

Analyses have been made by Professor C. Virchow of the amount of water and extract in the flesh of different animals, with the view of obtaining some general data for the introduction of a method whereby the value of meat might be determined. The differences were so slight, however, that no results of any value were secured. Veal contained more water than beef, lean beef had less than well-fed beef, and unhealthy meat a greater amount than sound meat. The same holds good for the extract.

The Government Method of cleaning brass, which is in use at all of the United States arsenals, is claimed to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, then removed into the water, and finally rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone electrician, is steadily perfecting his instrument for finding the locality of leaden bullets in the human body. When he first operated, the instrument would locate a bullet at one inch distance; now a bullet held at a distance of five inches gives very decided indications of its presence, and with recent improvement Dr. Frank Hamilton has located a bullet imbedded in the body of an old soldier with certainty. Professor Bell is now endeavoring to simplify the apparatus, and his last work was to arrange an exploring needle to be used after the bullet is located, but before any operation. If the bullet is correctly located, it can be reached by the needle without much danger. When the needle touches the bullet a battery is formed, and a sudden tick announces the fact; then the operation can follow with the assurance of success.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

OCTOBER 1ST.—At Slaterville, N. Y., Horace N. Lester, a prominent citizen and ex-Mayor of Birmingham; at Orange, N. J., Dr. William Pierson, the oldest physician in the State and formerly a leading Republican, aged 86; in Arizona, Eugene D. Schue, Assistant Surgeon United States Army. October 2d.—At Seabright, N. J., John J. McLaren, formerly of the Seventh New York Regiment and paymaster for several years, aged 55; at Lebanon, Tenn., Robert L. Carruther, formerly member of Congress and Supreme Court Judge, aged 82; at Paris, France, Claude Antoine Jules Noron, a well-known *literateur*, aged 55. October 3d.—At Stoneham, Mass., Mrs. Elizabeth Dike, daughter of a Revolutionary soldier and widow of a soldier of 1812, aged 95; at Paris, France, Mme. Hermance Saurdin Leaguillon, widow of the well-known writer, Pierre Jean Leaguillon, and herself an authoress of repute. October 4th.—In New York city, Warren Ferris, a prominent broker, aged 56; at Dover, Del., C. S. Layton, ex-Justice of the Superior Court and the oldest member of the Delaware Bar, aged 85; at College Hill, Ohio, Professor Charles Aiken, Superintendent of Music in the Cincinnati schools from 1848 to 1878; at Hot Springs, France, Adelaide Phillips, the well-known singer, aged 49. October 5th.—At Hartford, Conn., George M. Way, a prominent merchant; at Providence, R. I., John F. Tobie, State Senator and a leading lawyer; at Racine, Wis., Robert H. Baker, a prominent politician and business man.—Dr. George A. Ward, formerly professor at Yale College, and since Medical Superintendent of Peruvian railroads, died recently at Cerro de Pasco, Peru. October 6th.—At Stapleton, S. I., John Somers Smith, formerly in the United States consular service, aged 83. October 6th.—In Paris, Joseph Nelson Soye, a distinguished Republican Deputy of France, aged 58; in New York, Clement Guion, an old-time city merchant, aged 69; Major Geo. F. Jaquet, of the Medical Department, United States Army, aged 42.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WILLIAM W. ASTOR, United States Minister to Italy, sailed for Europe with his family last week.

BANCROFT, the historian, celebrated his eighty-third birthday at his Newport residence October 3d.

THE Khédive of Egypt has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Osmanieh upon Admiral Seymour.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot to erect a monument to Count Rumford at Woburn, Mass., where he was born.

EDWIN BOOTH recently bought ten acres of land in Middletown, near Newport, R. I., and a Summer house is now being erected.

JOHN GILBERT, the veteran actor, still remains at Manchester, Mass., in delicate health, and there is little hope that he will ever resume his place on the stage.

THE Providence (R. I.) Board of Trade last week refused to admit ex-Governor William Sprague to membership, the vote standing 66 to 59 in his favor, while a three-fourths vote was necessary.

MISS HELEN PAULINE McMASTER, youngest daughter of James A. McMaster, editor of the *Catholic Freeman’s Journal*, of New York, was received into the Carmelite Convent at Baltimore last week.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has begun the erection, on Fifth Avenue, New York city, of two houses, which will cost nearly \$1,000,000, for his daughters, Mrs. W. Seward Webb and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.

DAUGHTERS of Maggie Mitchell and Lydia Thompson are about to become actresses. A son of Salvini is playing out West, and a son of Sothern is performing some of the late comedian’s rôles in England.

MR. DILLON will not press his resignation of his seat in Parliament, but will continue to represent Tipperary until his constituency have had time to select his successor in the event of the continuance of his illness.

THE son of Mark Lemon, the famous editor of *Punch*, has just died at Melbourne, Australia, where he was reduced to such poverty that he had been working under an assumed name as a supernumerary in a theatre.

JOHN G. WHITTIER earnestly protests against the military parades which are to play a conspicuous part in the approaching bi-centenary celebration at Philadelphia of the landing of William Penn, that famous man of peace.

DR. WILLIAM H. TROWBRIDGE, one of the oldest physicians of Stamford, Conn., went to the top of a new building early one morning last week to observe the comet, made a misstep, fell a distance of seventy-five feet, and was killed.

DANIEL EVANS, of Wakefield, N. H., died a few days ago at the great age of 104 years and 4 months. He was a farmer, worked regularly with his men until he was ninety-two, and was able to get out of doors in pleasant weather until a few months ago.

ANOTHER victim of the *Jeannette* disaster died last week in the person of Miss La Forge, who was betrothed to Lieutenant Chipp and who fell into a decline as soon as the news of his probable loss arrived, which ended in her death at Ocean Grove, N. J.

A MONUMENT to Dr. Frederick W. Gunn, the late famous teacher of the “Gunners School” at Washington, Conn., erected by his pupils from 1847 to his death in 1881, was unveiled last week, with addresses by Henry Ward Beecher, Senator Platt, and others.

A MONUMENT to Frederick Hecker, the German patriot and Union soldier, in Benton Park, St. Louis, was dedicated October 1st, the ceremony of unveiling being performed by a granddaughter of the dead hero, and prominent Germans and Americans joining in the exercises.

HON. A. BARTON HEPBURN, who was selected by the Saratoga Convention as the Republican candidate for Congressman at Large in New York, has declined the nomination. His withdrawal was based on a conviction that the Saratoga ticket was not “an authoritative utterance of the party.”

CONGRESSMAN “SUNSET” COX addressed a meeting of the Church of St. Rose of Lima, in New York city, on a recent Sunday evening, and made a plea for a reduction of the debt on the church property, which he prefaced by subscribing \$100 himself. When he was through speaking the church was \$768 richer.

THE venerable but irrepressible Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines recently joined the Woman’s National Labor League at Washington, and said she should soon return to New Orleans, where she would form a branch of the organization, and she expected to give two hundred years to the work in hand, if it took so long, to secure the ballot to women.

FOR some years before her death Mrs. Abraham Lincoln had a mania for buying elegant clothing, and there were recently shipped from her old home to her son in Washington, sixty-two trunks, weighing about 9,000 pounds, mostly filled with dress goods, elegant crapes, camel’s hair shawls, and beautiful trinkets purchased by Mrs. Lincoln while in Europe.

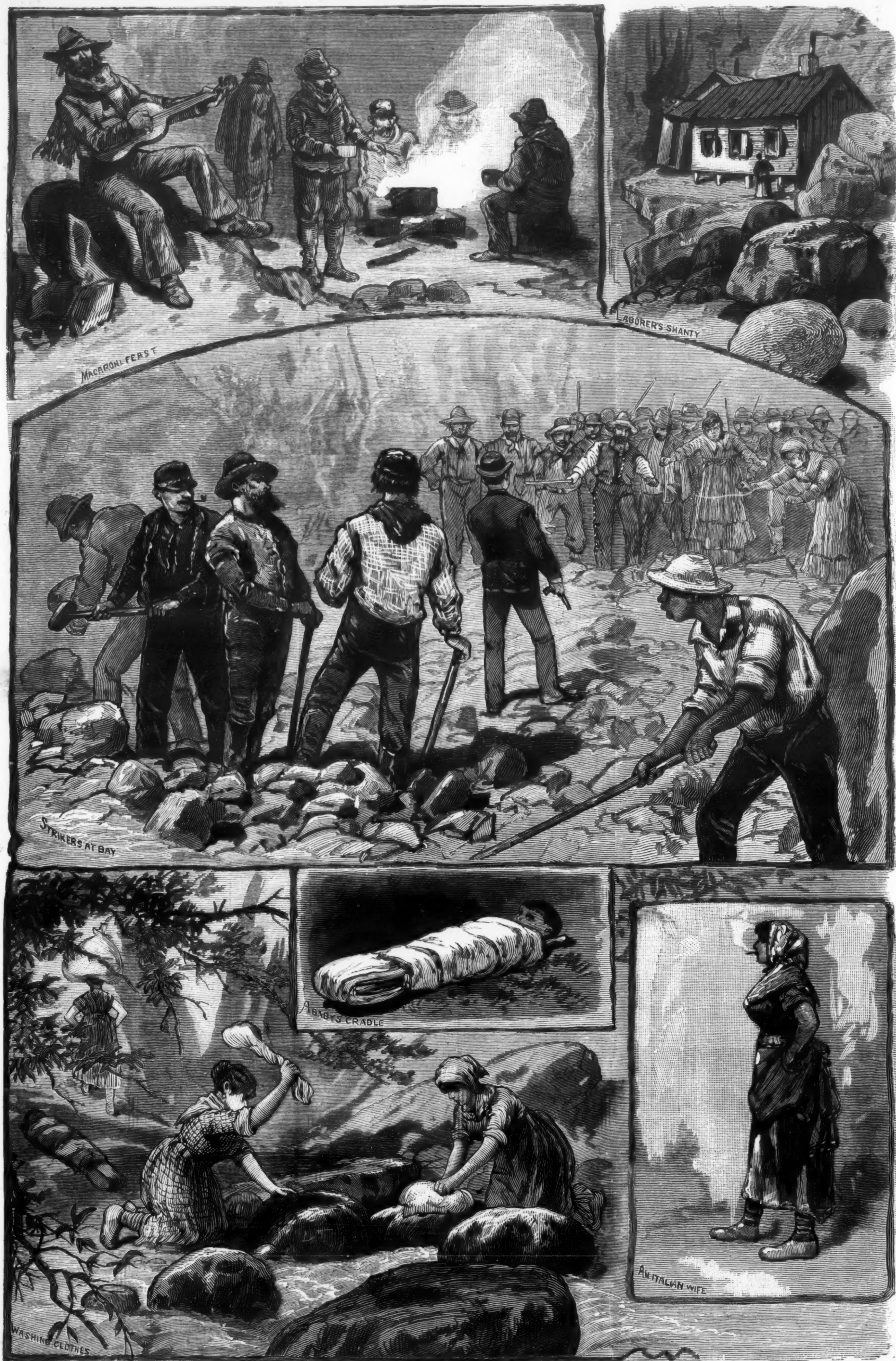
MR. BLAINE has sent Senator Brown, of Georgia, a check for \$50 towards the Ben Hill monument fund, and in the accompanying letter says: “Though politically opposed to Senator Hill, and having often engaged in heated controversy with him, our personal relations were always kindly and cordial. I was deeply touched by his sufferings, and by the heroism with which he endured to the end. I wish to place one wreath upon his grave.”

COLONEL McLEOD TURNER, who died recently at Raleigh, N. C., was pierced by eleven balls at the battle of Gettysburg, and has been a complete wreck ever since. He was wounded through the lungs, through the body, was shot through the spine, besides lesser wounds. Both legs were paralyzed, one arm partially; his shoulder was dislocated, and many of his bones were broken and became diseased. The mystery is that he should have survived so long.

LIEUTENANT WILLARD YOUNG, a son of the late Mormon leader, is a teacher of engineering at West Point, and when the litigation regarding his father’s estate commenced, declined to take part in it, telling his agents that they might send him what the others didn’t want. In reply he received a lot of railroad stock supposed to be nearly worthless, which he accepted without grumbling. The later development of the Territory has unexpectedly advanced the value of his stock, so that he is now one of the richest of his father’s heirs.

GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK’S will, executed in Santiago, Chili, a short time before his death, bequeaths all his property to his wife, gives his battle-flag, presented to him by his regiment, to the State of New Jersey, and bequeaths to the War Department at Washington his Damascus sword and scabbard of silver, presented to him by the troops under his command after the battle of Gettysburg. He requests his executors to publish, for the benefit of his family, the five lectures which he wrote and delivered throughout the country.





NEW YORK.—ITALIAN LABORERS AS RAILROAD-BUILDERS—SCENES ON THE LINE OF THE WEST SHORE ROAD, IN THE VICINITY OF NEWBURGH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 123.





1. E. N. Williamson, 3d B. 2. M. J. Kelly, R. F. 3. Frank S. Flint, C. 4. F. E. Goldsmith, P. 5. J. L. Quest, 2d B. 6. Thomas Burns, S. S. 7. A. C. Anson, Captain, 1st B. 8. A. Dalrymple, L. F. 9. Geo. F. Gore, C. F. 10. Hugh Nicol, R. F. 11. L. Corcoran, P.

ILLINOIS.—THE CHICAGO BASEBALL TEAM, WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.—SEE PAGE 123.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE HOMELY AND THE BEAUTIFUL: THE NEW COMET AS SEEN FROM "SHANTYTOWN."—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 123.



## BOOK NOTICE.

**THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL**, No. 10, just issued by John H. Bechtel, 1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, will be found a valuable publication by students, as well as the amateur reader and professional elocutionist. It comprises an admirable selection, some of which are published for the first time, and all of which are suitable for domestic and public entertainments.

## MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

AFTER reaching three hundred and fifty representations in this city, "Emeralda" was withdrawn from the stage at the Madison Square Theatre last Saturday night, and on Monday evening the first performance of Bronson Howard's new comedy, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," was given. Judging from the manner in which it was received, the new piece will have a long run. This success, however, is not exceptional. The Madison Square management always succeeds, for the reason that in everything it gives the public the best forms of entertainment. With its model companies, superb scenery and accessories, and discreet selection of plays, it would argue badly for the public taste if it did not succeed.

## MISS THURSBY'S CONCERT.

THE reappearance of Miss Emma Thursby on the concert stage in this city last week, after her long absence abroad, constituted an auspicious opening of the musical season in the metropolis. The warmth of Miss Thursby's reception showed that absence had not cooled the admiration of her host of long-time friends, while the improvement in voice and methods gained during her European experience fully justified her patrons' early faith in the fair singer. Miss Thursby is now in the full ripeness of her musical powers, and her place as one of the sweetest and most finished vocalists whom America has produced is assured. All three of her concerts in this city attracted large audiences, and her tour of the country promises to be most successful.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

[From The Hour, Oct. 7.]

"THE harvest is past, the Summer is ended," but the bulls and bears of Wall Street are not yet saved. Indeed, unless some of the gentlemen with the horns come down soon to graze in the Valley of Conservatism, they will be frozen stiff in the high altitudes where they have browsed all the Summer. It will then be too late either to repent or descend. We have confidence in our opinion, because we have watched closely for years the relation of production to consumption, and of supply to demand. There is nothing to prevent other people from observing it just as closely. But they have not all done it. The conclusion reached by "Uncle Rufus" is, that, while the crops this year have been very abundant, the prosperity which they should bring has been heavily discounted by the Wall Street fraternity. To complicate the situation, the foreign demand for our staples is very limited. For these reasons, we are likely to see confusion in Wall Street before Easter comes.

Let those who have doubts of this, step down with me into the valley and look up at the mock-splendors of the hill-tops. I know when you are going to show a man a fine farm, or other landed property, you generally take him up on the mountains and let him look down upon it. Satan once displayed the glories of all the kingdoms of the earth in that way. Satan and I differ in some of our methods. I would rather look at the scene, and let my friends see it, from the safe levels of the lowlands. The view is a fairer one.

The present position of the country is one of doubt, uncertainty and confusion. Politics, trade and finance are at sixes and sevens. Does any one know why? The situation is curious.

First take the facts. The crop of wheat and all other food for man and beast is largely in excess of former years. The cotton crop will be abundant. The corn crop, though middling in quality, is better in quantity than last year. The hog crop has fallen off thirty-five to forty per cent. So much for the material conditions.

Now, as to the political outlook. The Democracy is united. The Republicans are at war in their own camps. Fresh dissensions spring up among them daily. In this State defeat is predicted for them. Secretary Folger has written his letter of acceptance, but that does not make him Governor—not "by a very large majority," as my friend Bardwell Slote Florence puts it. Henry Ward Beecher pitched into politics for his "Fall opening" sermon last Sunday. Beecher, you know, came out solid for Garfield when Garfield stood low in the canvass of 1880. But even he denounces the Republican campaign methods of this year. Very little of that kind of warfare will elect Cleveland, and throw the now tottering political control of the country into Democratic hands. That would be a good thing, perhaps, for we might then have some new ideas applied to Government.

My old friend, Chauncey Depew, I see, is getting into the canvass. He chaffed a lot of hay and feed-dealers at their new Exchange the other day, and told them stories of the time when he was a farmer and had the "hayseed in his hair." I always thought there was something tickling Chauncey's head. But he never was a farmer. He is only trying to tickle up a few votes for the New York Central in the next Legislature. Chauncey would prefer a Republican Legislature, but he has a way of getting along very well with Democrats.

As for the state of our incorporated, investment and speculative properties, look at a few of the "leading favorites" of the New York Stock Exchange. Union Pacific is one of them. It sells above par, but unless I am mistaken it will be soon getting down alongside of the Erie. Its traffic is being tapped, and its road paralleled, all along the line. At the same time it is pack-saddling its back with a new \$8,000,000 loan. A few years ago Michigan Central was 283 miles long. It built 514 miles of branches or connecting lines—"suckers, not feeders," was what Commodore Vanderbilt called them. The result was the 514 miles of tall wagged the 238

miles of dog. The stock dropped from 125 to 36. Louisville and Nashville is practically in the same boat, but its condition in other respects is so much worse that we decline to speak ill of it, as we do of the dead. I was struck, however, by the fact that the Government reduced its debt last month \$14,000,000; Louisville and Nashville has increased its debt by the same number of millions. This is a strong point of difference between the two concerns.

Chicago and Alton, Northwestern, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and St. Paul, are some other roads that have fallen into this pitfall of building "extensions." The Quincy road has extended its lines and increased its obligations \$26,000,000 within twelve months. These are all "good properties," but so was Michigan Central till it struck this snag on which the other roads named seemed determined to wreck themselves. Every one of them will be "wagged" before long as Michigan Central was. Northern Pacific has indulged in some spur-line building, but there is no fear of the chill of bankruptcy striking its vitals; while it is warmed by such a magnificent back-log as its land grant, it can afford to build branches. After all, Wall Street would not live as well as it does if it were not for the cunning of the wolves who issue corporate stocks, and the credulity of the lambs who buy them.

The Tariff Commission, after swinging around the circle, has again brought up in New York. The last great topic that agitated its intellect was the duty on mohair—then the Commission solemnly went into executive session, leaving the outside world to wonder what was done there. Who would not be a Tariff Commissioner?

Wall Street feels itself sadly neglected because there is no one to represent it in urging a protective duty on commissions on "Other People's Money." As Artemus Ward once said: "Such is life." RUFUS HATCH.

## FUN.

THE feeling between ague and quinine is exceedingly bitter.

WHEN is a vegetable not a vegetable? When it is what you cauldflower.

"I GUESS I'll push along" is what the man with the wheelbarrow said.

VERY few people know what Queen Anne style is; but they have heard it is stylish.

FASHION NOTE.—Large figures are much sought after this season—by fortune-hunters.

THE latest Boston euphemism for taking boarders is, having a few "remunerative guests."

A SOLDIER has applied for a pension at Washington for a broken leg, got in "jumping the bounty."

ARABI has one consolation. England is left with those 600 Kentucky mules on her hands to manage.

THE baseball season is nearly over, and when it closes the United States will be at peace with the whole world.

SLEEP-WALKING used to be considered a strange thing, but since policemen do it and draw pay at the same time the novelty has worn off.

"DO THE subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" was asked of a missionary. "Yes," he replied, "and everything else they can lay their hands on."

A YOUNG father boasted that he thought his son would be sure to make a great sculptor, "because," said he, "he 'chisels' his schoolmates out of all their playthings."

A YOUNG girl being asked, recently, as she returned from the circulating library with the latest new novel, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered, "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What time of year do the days begin to shorten?" When you have a note in bank. A note in bank is the great annihilator of time. The days are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from a blacking-brush.

A COLORED porter in an Austin store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a niggah gwine ter git married and I oughter be present ter see him fru." "Who is this colored man at whose wedding you have to be present?" "I see de niggah, boss."

## ON THE FARMERS' SIDE.

SPEAKING of the statement made by HIRSH SIBLEY & Co., the great Rochester and Chicago seedsmen, and the largest seed growers in the world, to the Tariff Commission, the *Detroit Free Press* says, editorially: "It was one of those clear, compact, comprehensible utterances which are worth reams of elaborate discussion. When they declared against taxing 7,000,000 seed users for the benefit of 100 seed growers, they turned a perfect flood of electric light upon the iniquity of the tariff. We commend this pithy presentation of the case to the farmers who belong to the hundred thousands whom the tariff taxes for the benefit of the hundreds."

## LESS TENDENCY TO TAKE COLD.

As a protection from cold, Compound Oxygen is very efficacious. A patient writes: "Have not had a cold this Winter, which is perfectly wonderful for me." Another says: "No return of hemorrhage, hoarseness gradually wearing off, less tendency to take cold, and when I do take cold, it is more easily controlled under the use of Oxygen." Another: "I feel that it has been a great benefit to me, increasing my appetite and preventing me from taking cold." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRs. STARKIE & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THOSE people who want to know why printers call the boy "the devil" can readily bring themselves to understand it by employing a boy for a few days.

SEVERAL disastrous fires, of recent occurrence, have demonstrated that safes are now made that may be depended upon to resist the most trying tests. The HERRING'S SAFES in the Hecker Mills and the Hudson Mills in Cherry Street, New York, saved all they contained, although the fire was an exceptionally severe one. Another safe of this same make preserved Messrs. Harrison, Havemeyer & Co.'s books and papers when their sugar refinery in Philadelphia was burned a few days since.

THE Drinking Husband and Son can be restored to sobriety by the use of DR. CLARK'S SALVATION POWDERS secretly given. The craving destroyed, \$1 per box. All druggists or by mail, J. D. BUTLER, 37 West 14th Street, New York.

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE**  
AS A REFRIGERANT DRINK IN FEVERS.  
DR. C. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

18-KARAT ROLLED GOLD SOLID JEWELRY, only \$1. Unparalleled bargains offered by the well known reliable firm of G. W. PETTIBONE & Co., whose advertisement appears in this paper. Read their advertisement carefully; the goods are unrivaled, and all that is claimed for them.

## WARNING.

HOW MANY people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their Summer beverages.

DESERVING articles are always appreciated. The exceptional cleanliness of PARKER'S HAIR BALM makes it popular. Gray hairs are impossible with its occasional use.

THE best Tooth Powder is CASWELL, MARSEY & Co.'s DENTINE. Safe, preservative and economical. 1, 121 Broadway and 578 Fifth Ave.

LONG ERE THEY BEGIN TO TODDLE  
MERE milk may advantageously be exchanged in feeding children for ANGIO-SWISS MILK-FOOD; also excellent for invalids.

POPULAR trial shows the worth of every article, and 34 years' constant use has proven the efficacy of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. It has no superior.

## DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

ASK druggists for "ROUGH ON RATS." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

## FROM GALVESTON CITY RAILROAD CO.

GALVESTON, September 22d, 1882.

To H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Madison Lane, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: By mail of this date I send you photograph of our Beach Pavilion, on which was used your Liquid Paints, and I am pleased to advise you that same have given perfect satisfaction.

Very respectfully, W. H. SINGLAIR, President.

THE attention of our readers is called to the new and unique advertisement of DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSH, on another page. The sale is said to be immense.

WE call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of "POOL'S SIGNAL SERVICE BAROMETER," in another column. It combines with an excellent Thermometer, a Storm Glass or Weather Indicator, of surprising accuracy, rendering it an article of great value to the farmer, and to all others who feel an interest in the important question, "What will the weather be to-morrow?"

## HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE,

A Specific for Dyspepsia.

Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail J. N. HEGEMAN & Co., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

## "USE Redding's Russia Salve."

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.—The great relish for soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.

## Hub Punch Delights the Palate

And refreshes the weary. Of grocers and wine merchants.

## GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA.

## BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/4 lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO. HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,  
London, England.



Hand Sapolio, for everyday use, is the Best and Cheapest Toilet and Bath Soap in the market. Removes stains of all kinds, and leaves the skin white and soft. Prevents chapping of hands.

**BOKER'S BITTERS,**  
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND  
AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, Jr.,  
Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,  
78 John Street, New York.

## Brain and Nerve Food. Vitalized Phos-Phite.

Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

IT RESTORES TO THE ACTIVE BRAIN OF MAN OR WOMAN THE ENERGY THAT HAS BEEN LOST BY DISEASE, WORRY OR OVER-WORK. IT REPAIRS VITALITY WHERE THERE HAS BEEN DEBILITY AND NERVOUSNESS, AND PREVENTS LOSS OF MEMORY AND BRAIN FATIGUE. IT PREVENTS CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF DEBILITY, AND RESTORES TO THE SYSTEM THE ELEMENTS THAT HAVE BEEN WASTED IN EXCITEMENT AND ABUSES. PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 600,000 PACKAGES. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS OR MAIL, \$1. F. CROSBY CO., 606 6th Avenue, N. Y.

## VALUABLE TRUTHS

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

## Hop Bitters will Cure you.

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

## Hop Bitters will Revive you.

"If you are a Minister, and have over-taxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work,

## Hop Bitters will Restore you.

"If you are a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, tolling over your midnight work,

## Hop Bitters will Strengthen you

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

## Hop Bitters will Relieve you.

"If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating,

## Hop Bitters is what you Need.

"If you are old, and your blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

## Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy and refreshing flavoring for sick-room drinks, impure water, etc., rendering them harmless, and sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach."



**THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE.**  
SIMPLEST, LATEST IMPROVED.  
MOST DURABLE & BEST.  
BUY IT AND MAKE HOME "HAPPY."  
IF THERE IS NO AGENT NEAR YOU, WRITE DIRECT TO US.  
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.,  
30 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.  
ORANGE MASS. OR ATLANTA GA.

**STEPHENS' INKS.**  
Manufactured by H. C. STEPHENS, London, Eng.  
Sold by all stationers in America.

First Prize Medal Vienna 1873. **C. WEIS,** Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum and amber for sale.

**MAMMARIAL BALM** restores and develops the bust. Warranted pure and safe. Price, \$1. New England Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

**Imitation Gold Watches.** 35, \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 each; Chains \$3 to \$12 to match. Seals, Sets & Charms. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. These Watches are equal to any in the market. Watchmakers' Tools and Materials. COLLARS, NECKTIES, Watch Factory, 125 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3066.

**FREE 25 Useful Household Articles.** Send 3-cent stamp for postage. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

**RARE COINS WANTED.**—Send 12c. for catalogue, showing prices paid. E. F. GAMBS, St. Louis, Mo.

**READ! READ!! READ!!!**  
The New and Deeply Interesting Serial Story,

**"A Whited Sepulchre,"**

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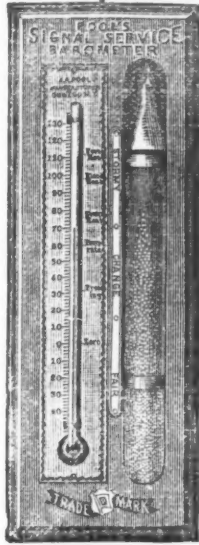
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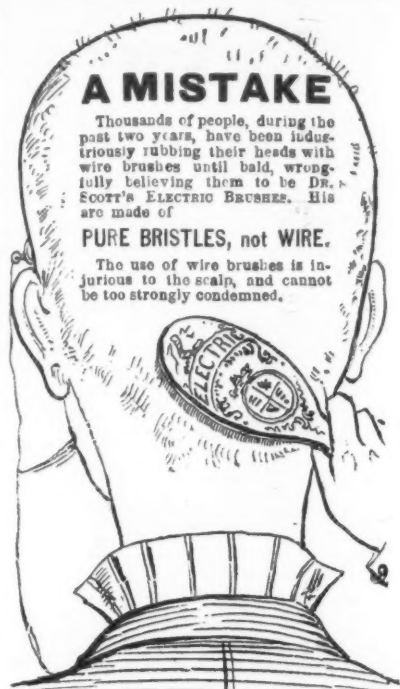
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